The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

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June 1980

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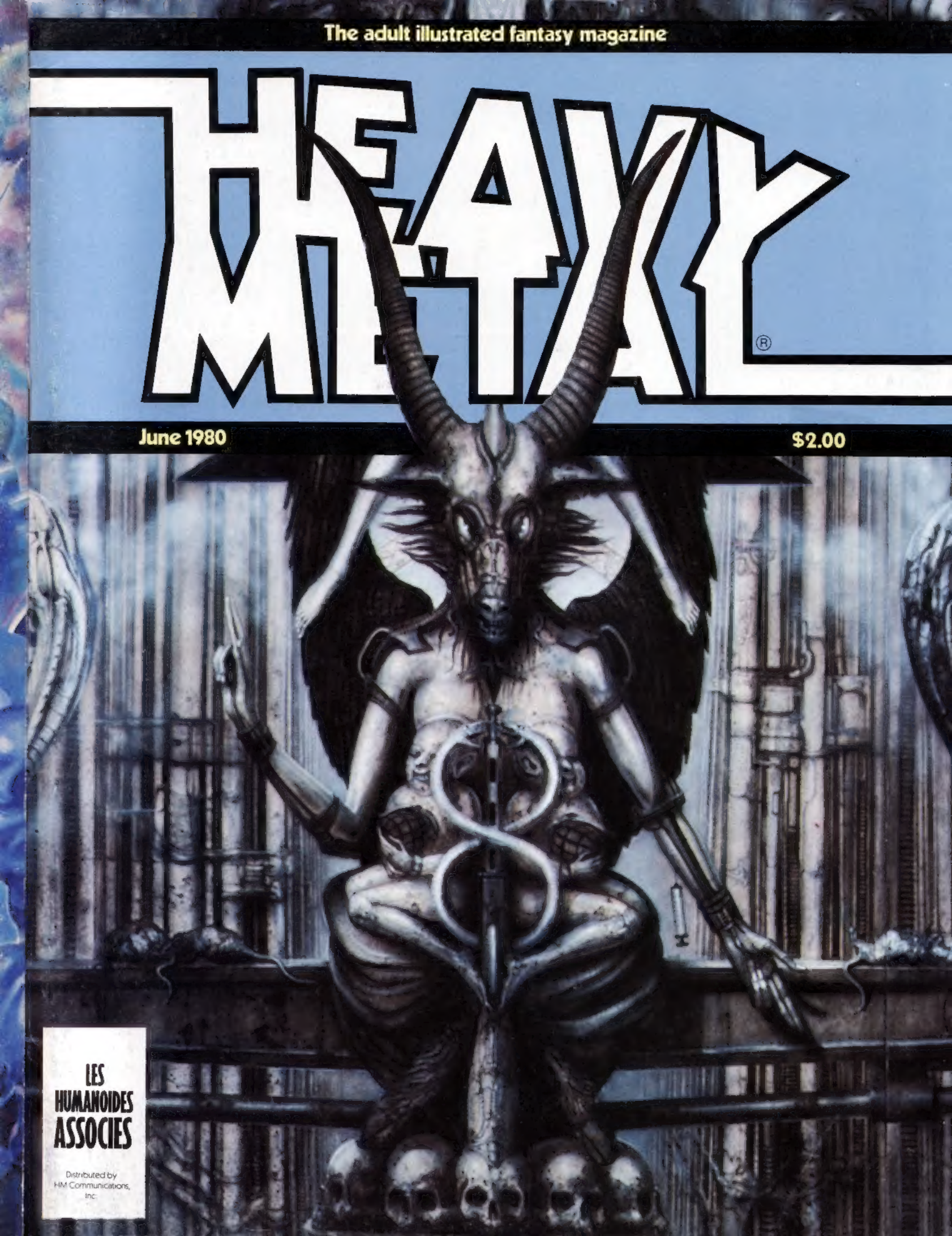

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Back cover, In New York We Call 'em the Jets, by **Dameron**

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# ...THIRTY-NINE...

Take one part Wallace Wood, add a dash of Will Elder, and fold in a generous portion of Will Eisner. Sift through the hole in an old Spike Jones 78, and half-bake in Harvey Kurtzman's twenty-five-year-old Hotpoint double oven. Serve with a generous dollop of chicken fat, and what have you got? Berni Wrightson's "Captain Sternn."

Wrapping up the seventies with the publication of *The Studio* (see the Gallery Section, last issue) and *The Berni Wrightson Treasury*, Wrightson moves into the eighties with "Captain Sternn," which you will find gracing the pages of this very issue.

Taking obvious delight in creating this affectionate tribute to the artistic influences of his childhood, Wrightson proves that the ideas and art of the original *Mad* comics crew are still valid today. "Captain Sternn" also proves beyond any doubt that Berni Wrightson is one of the great stylists of the field.

For the first time since his collaborations with the late Vaughn Bodé (*Purple Pictography*, a series of four strips written by Bodé and drawn by Wrightson for a men's magazine), Berni has thrust his tongue firmly in his cheek and unleashed all the manic humor that has been lurking within the dark recesses of his brain. Taking time out from his epic *Frankenstein* project, Wrightson has cooked up "Captain Sternn" to accompany your midnight snack of a bologna sandwich and milk. And it's our pleasure to serve it to you.

Anyone for seconds?

*—Dan Steffan and Ted White*

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# COMIX

Illustration by Jay Kinney

## Jay Kinney

Underground comix have gone through several phases over the years. In the first period (1968-1969) the comics were primarily humorous or psychedelic. Joel Beck's early comics, *Zap*, Shelton's *Feds 'n' Heads*, *Bijou Funnies*, and *Yellow Dog* all stressed jokes and upbeat material.

The books that the newly established Rip Off Press published in 1969 reinforced this. Their first comic, the pint-size *R. Crumb's Comics and Stories (1964)*, was an old Fritz the Cat tale, and the next two, also by Crumb, *Motor City* #1 and *Big Ass* #1, featured characters like Boingy Baxter and Eggs Ackley.

Jaxon's *Exile into Consciousness* portfolio and *Happy Endings* book as well as Dave Sheridan and Fred Schrier's *Mother's Oats Comics* were drenched in psychedelic mysticism and paradoxes. Nineteen sixty-nine also saw Rip Off reprinting the old *God Nose* strips by Jaxon and *The Adventures of Jesus* by Foolbert Sturgeon (Frank Stack), seminal UG comics from the mid 1960s in Texas.

Sheridan and Schrier were old friends from the Cleveland Institute of Art who shared a knack for cartooning. They came to San Francisco on vacation in the Summer of 1969 and drew up a few pages of strips while staying in Marin. Art in hand they walked into Rip Off Press, showed their work, and walked out encouraged to do a whole twenty-

*continued on page 87*

# MUZICK

Photo by R.B. Day

## Lou Stathis

Ever since the tender age of fourteen, when I discovered that there was more to muzick than what I could hear on my dinky AM radio, I have been bored with normal muzick. By "normal muzick" I mean muzick for normals (simple, eh?), a somniferous expanse of sound that ranges from the audio soporifics that wallpaper the air in public places through most bits of mainstream pop and rok. Normal means adhering to a formula and institutionalizing mediocrity—the Sound of Non-Surprise (to revise a phrase borrowed from Whitney Balliett). To a conspicuously intellectual snob purist (I was an obnoxious teenager) this sort of stuff was vacuous and pointless, muzick made only for dancers (which I wasn't) or wimps (no comment). I kept my chiseled Grecian nose in the air and listened to Zappa (the Barry Manilow of adolescent snobbery), blues (of the negroid variety), and blues-influenced rok (particularly of the angloid variety). Tiring of that, I moved on to jazz (Charles Mingus, mostly, who was in a category and class all by himself) and later into progressive rok. In the latter I found an invigorating synthesis of most everything I found worthwhile in other types of muzick. People like Pink Floyd, King Crimson, Can, Genesis, Robert Wyatt, and Roxy Music were forging an exciting, essential sound out of raw materials drawn from any number of disparate sources, the more obscure the better. The new wave, as I've noted in these pages before, came along in the late seventies, forced a new set of shiny steel choppers into rok's toothless mouth, and rekindled a long-lost fondness for power-chorded, pain-threshold head banging (gabba gabba).

These days, the only sorts of muzick that do anything for my burned-out sensibilities are either the outlaw, the eccentric, or the synthetic varieties (primarily the latter two). The closest I ever veer toward the treacherously tranquilized territory of the Normal Zone (DANGER: WIMPS DANCING AHEAD) is XTC, an exuberantly tuneful bunch who have every intention of making normal pop muzick but, lucky for me, can't.

XTC is not quite four years old. The band arrived in London as a unit in early 1977 from Swindon, a scummy little industrial burg that squats about seventy-five miles due west of Big Ben. They were brash, short-haired, and liked to keep their amps cranked all the way up—but they were by no means punks. Their sound, if any label can be put to it without doing them a disservice, was (and is) modern pop, an amalgam firmly rooted in the classic British Invasion mode of well-tooled three-minute songs bristling with infectious musical hooks and boosted with new wave energy/intensity and a post-*Sergeant Pepper* sophistication. Their first record, a three-song, twelve-inch 45 called *3D EP* (UK Virgin only and, I believe, now out of print) came like a bracing gust of fresh air across the Atlantic in October 1977. The A side, "Science Friction," is an endearingly loony number about interplanetary intercourse, while the flip features the craftily undanceable "Dance Band" and the drolly sardonic "She's So Square" ("she thinks this is . . . 1967!"). The record served as a very clear signal that punk wasn't the only thing happening in the Fading Empire, and it also immediately established the unmistakable XTC sound: Andy Partridge's slur-stuttered vocals and frenetic guitar, Barry Andrews's chintzy organ/synthi, and the driving, bouncing rhythm section of Colin (the cute one) Moulding and Terry (the drummer) Chambers. A classic piece of vinyl, and as impressive a debut as anyone has ever made. The rest of the XTC library is equally essential: LPs *White Music* and *Go 2* (both recently released domestically on Virgin International), *Drums and Wires* (their third album, but their first US release, on Virgin/Atlantic), and the singles "Statue of Liberty," "This Is Pop?," "Are You Receiving Me?," "Life Begins at the Hop," "Making Plans for Nigel" (all Virgin imports), and the American version of "Ten Feet Tall."

Andy Partridge is sitting across from me at Virgin Records' New York office, a nondescript white town house on a quiet Greenwich Village street. He's dressed plainly, with

*continued on page 90*

# FLIX

Illustration by Suzan Pitt

## Bhob

Ted and Julie have been wondering when I was going to begin covering the New Animation. I've been wondering the same thing myself. So, finally, at last, here we go . . .

Independent animation, free of commercial limitations, has been around for decades, but only in recent years has such a large number of artists turned in this direction. The parallel with the underground comix cartoonists should be obvious—so let's skip over any long, drawn-out comparison, let's scratch the boring diatribe on animation stagnation at the Hanna-Barbera factory and get right to Suzan Pitt. Her 18½-minute animated *Asparagus* (1978) is as high as an elephant's eye. It's an introspective personal statement by the filmmaker. It's a visualization of sublevels of consciousness staged with the settings and props of the external world. It's *Asparagus*.

Suzan Pitt's half-dozen or so animated films, made since 1970, hark back to the misty origins of feminist film history, when twenty-three-year-old Gaumont secretary Alice Guy borrowed the movie camera manufactured by her boss to make *La Fee aux Choux* (1897), a fantasy about children blooming in a cabbage patch. A few years later, in 1905, Winsor McCay's anxiety-fraught "Dreams of the Rarebit Fiend" comic strip (adapted to 1905 book form, a 1906 live-action film, a 1907 Edison cylinder recording, and a 1916 animated film) was virtually a pyschology text in cartoon form. Maya Deren, a pioneer in the American avant-garde independent cinema, explored another region of Freudian terrain in the early forties, and there's a remarkable similarity between the familiar *Meshes of the Afternoon* close-up of Maya with key in mouth and the closing scene of *Asparagus*. Germinating seeds sown in her earlier films, Suzan Pitt has toiled over her cinematic horticulture to produce a rich harvest: *Asparagus* resembles nothing so much as a graft hybrid of McCay, Deren, and Guy. Erotic tensions, autobiographical allusions, and psychological probings sprout throughout, making the viewer aware of animation's

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# SF

Illustration by Rick Bryant

## Steve Brown

During the mid sixties SF grew self-conscious. The writers turned away from the technological puzzles and the "if this goes on . . ." extrapolations that were their stock-in-trade and began to experiment with style and theme. Soon the magazines were filled with introspective stories where style and mood shoved plot, theme, and characterization into the background (often out of the story altogether). The S in SF stopped referring to science and began representing progressively more outré definitions of the word speculative. At its worst the fiction became nonfunctional word patterns: impenetrable attempts to throw off all stylistic restrictions, which ended up emulating the writings of the Dadaists and surrealists of the twenties. In their eagerness to create something new, the writers became, paradoxically, forty years out of date. At its best, the field became enriched by several brilliant and highly individualistic new writers such as Samuel R. Delany, Harlan Ellison, Thomas Disch, Kate Wilhelm, J.G. Ballard, and Roger Zelazny.

In the midst of this fermentation, Larry Niven began selling stories. Niven's fiction was (and remains today) a throwback to the SF of the thirties and forties—entertaining tales of galactic travel, odd aliens, and scientific puzzles, written in simple straightforward prose. Writing in a tradition as old as SF itself, Niven found himself virtually alone. He became an instant success. His interrelated stories of "Known Space" caught the imagination of a public tiring of trying to follow the field's convulsions and convolutions.

The culmination of the "Known Space" series was a vastly popular novel published ten years ago, *Ringworld*, in which Niven envisioned what is perhaps the grandest of all SF concepts: a planet constructed in the shape of a million-mile-wide ribbon that stretched entirely around its sun. A planet with the surface area of three million Earths.

The story of *Ringworld* is minimal. A random sampling of Niven's more interesting "Known Space" characters spend the book exploring a minute slice of the Ringworld. The book is little more than a travelogue. But the Ringworld itself, that "suspension bridge with no end points," contains wonder upon dazzling wonder. The hollow charac-

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# THE JERONATON INTERVIEW

## by Diana K. Bletter

*Jean Torton was born on September 4, 1942, in a small town in Belgium called Ghlen, but he insists that he is a "citizen of the world." He left Belgium more than ten years ago because of the "narrow-mindedness" of the people there and lived with friends and family on a farm in southern France. Since then, he has moved to Paris, where he works in a small studio.*

*I didn't know what to expect when I went to his apartment in Fontenay-sous-Bois, a small town in the eastern suburbs of Paris. I definitely didn't expect to find someone who was such an image of the 1960s, or a "Baba-Kool" as they're called in French. Torton has shoulder-length curly hair, and when I met with him he was wearing a white Indian shirt, sandals (it was the middle of January), and strings of beads around his neck and forehead.*

*Torton, who changed his name to Jeronaton when he changed his style of drawing, seems to make his own universe no matter where he is. We had a dinner of brown rice, dark bread, and cabbage on a low table in the living room. In Paris, people* never *eat brown rice, dark bread, and cabbage on pillows in the living room.*

*A woman who works at the* Metal Hurlant *office told me that "Torton lives a little in fantasy." She also told me, "You can't believe what he tells you." Maybe, but I'd like to think that all his stories, the ones he writes down and the ones he talks about, are true. Then again, I guess it doesn't really matter.*

**HM:** The first question I want to ask you is something I've been thinking about since I read *Champakou*. Do you think there is any possibility that something like that could have really happened?

**Jeronaton:** I don't know. It's possible, but I'm not sure. It's true that they discovered some sort of electricity three thousand years ago, and they put up so many monuments that we couldn't even build today, but it's not that simple. For example, at San Maya there are designs, and people might say, 'Look, it's a man in a rocket; how did the Mayas know about that?' But it's only because they can't read the hieroglyphics. Someone who really knows the Mayan symbols would know that it's a mask of Lalac, the God of Rain. So it's not evident.

**HM:** So you don't "believe" in *Champakou*?

**Jeronaton:** I don't believe in anything absolutely. I believe only in life absolutely.

**HM:** But not in the life of this society. You're always looking for other ways to live.

**Jeronaton:** Because I'm not satisfied with this life. But I don't believe in many things.

**HM:** Do you believe in God?

**Jeronaton:** I believe in some sort of God, or better yet, I believe the world has a reason for being—it didn't make itself. The world is an experiment, but an experiment for whom and for what, I'm not sure.

**HM:** How did you become interested in the Mayan culture?

**Jeronaton:** I read a lot about it when I was little. It always fascinated me. And now I've just been in the center of India—where few people go, because you have to travel through dangerous forests to get there (there are tigers and other ferocious animals). I'd like to go back and spend more time there. They live the way they've been living for thousands of years.

**HM:** And they welcomed you there?

**Jeronaton:** Yes, because, for example, I read before I went there that the Indians never carry guns into the forest, and disdain the white men who go through the forest carrying a lot of weapons. So I didn't carry anything, and when they saw that, they respected me and welcomed me.

**HM:** How did you start drawing?

**Jeronaton:** I've always drawn. At school I did nothing except make little designs and comic strips. Then I got sick of school and quit at seventeen. I was very lucky. We were talking about fate before and I'll tell you what happened that makes me believe in it sometimes. I was going to show my comic strips to the magazine *Tintin* in Brussels, but I got lost and knocked on the door of the apartment that turned out to be that of Hergé, the artist who draws the *Tintin* comic strip. Just luck, like that, because Brussels is a big city, you know. I started drawing at his house, he corrected some of the things I was doing, and I then published my first strip.

**HM:** What kind of strips did you draw at first?

**Jeronaton:** I was doing historical comic strips for children, but it began to get very boring after a while.

**HM:** And that's how you started drawing science fiction?

**Jeronaton:** No, at first I didn't know what to do. Then I decided to illustrate the Bible. In the Bible there is everything, and yet no one would be shocked. I worked on the illustrations for four years and it's yet to be published. It will come out sooner or later in ten volumes. When I finished that I made a list of everything I wanted to draw—nature, the Mayas, etc., and I made up the story of *Champakou*.

**HM:** How much of *Champakou* is real?

**Jeronaton:** The buildings, the clothes, the way they live and speak are all based on reality, on books I've read about their culture, but the rest is a dream. But you know reality goes further than fiction—it's often stranger.

**HM:** What has happened in your life that was stranger than what you've imagined?

**Jeronaton:** Ha, that's too personal.

**HM:** Have you ever had an adventure while you were traveling that was almost "science fiction"?

**Jeronaton:** No, I've had experiences that were passionate and dangerous but nothing that was almost science fiction. There are extraordinary things that have happened to me, but I can't tell everybody.

**HM:** You don't think that creating is opening yourself up to the public?

**Jeronaton:** Of course. You reveal your dreams, your frustrations, your ghosts, and your desires. You always create things you're concerned about. But there are things so personal that I don't tell people because it wouldn't interest them. For example, the Marquis de Sade told all his fantasies, but it's only people like him who can appreciate them.

**HM:** So what do you want to do for your readers?

**Jeronaton:** I'm not really sure. Comic strips are like television or the radio; they're not really worth anything. When I used to do historical strips there was always a moral for

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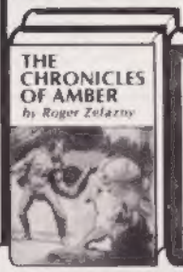


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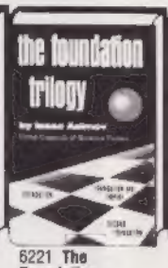


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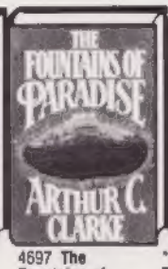


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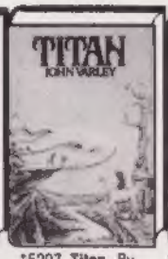


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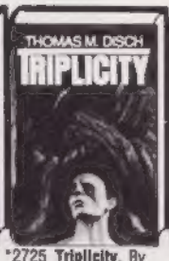


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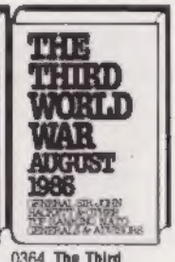


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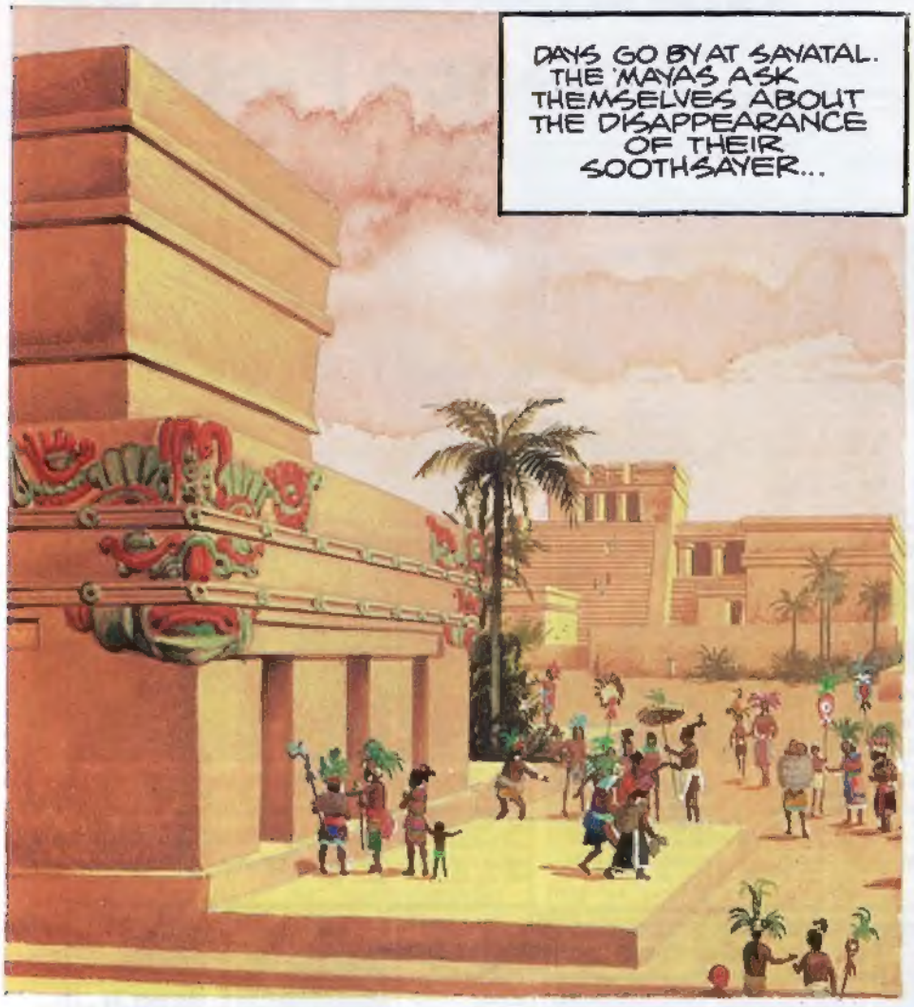
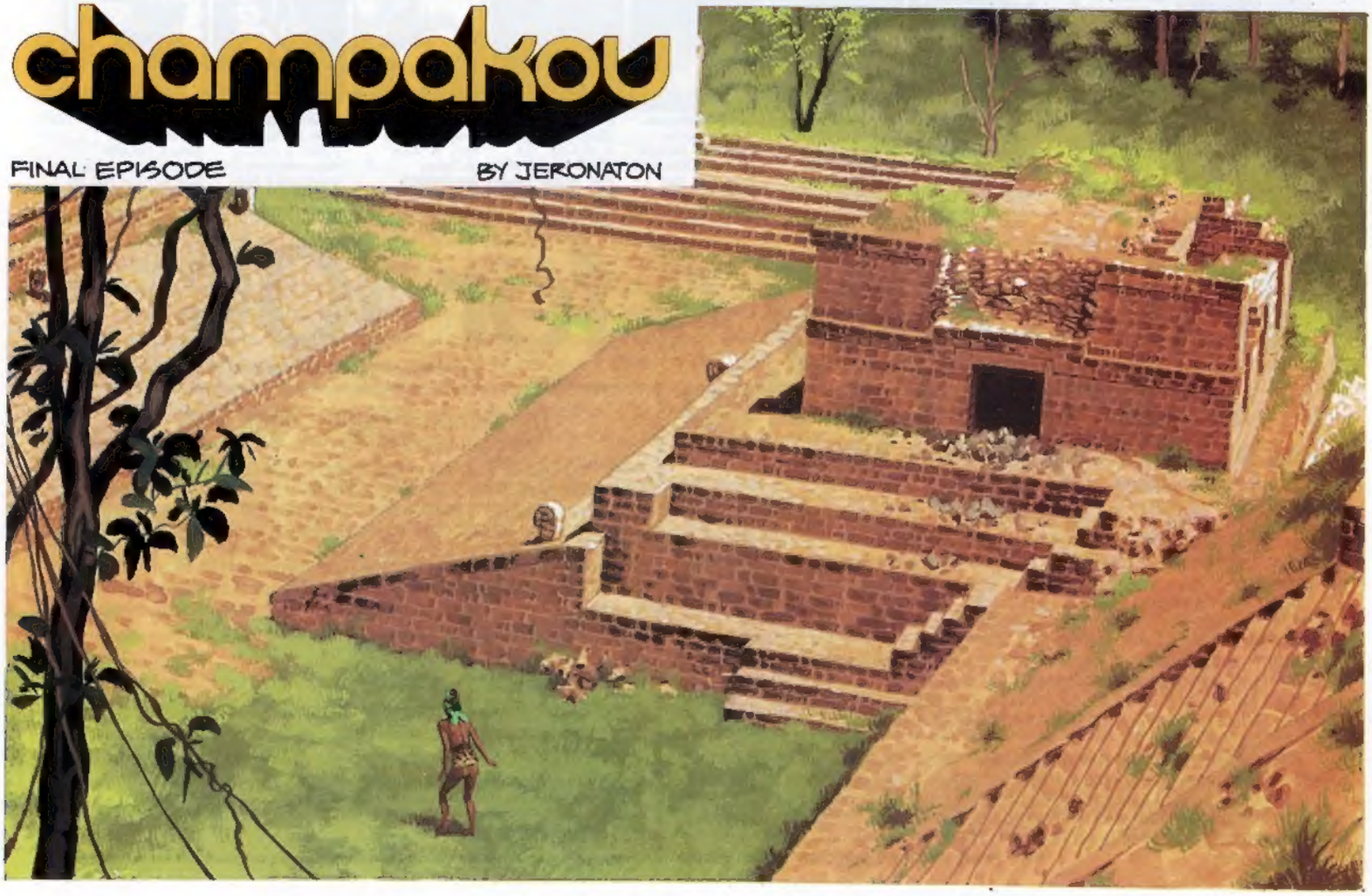


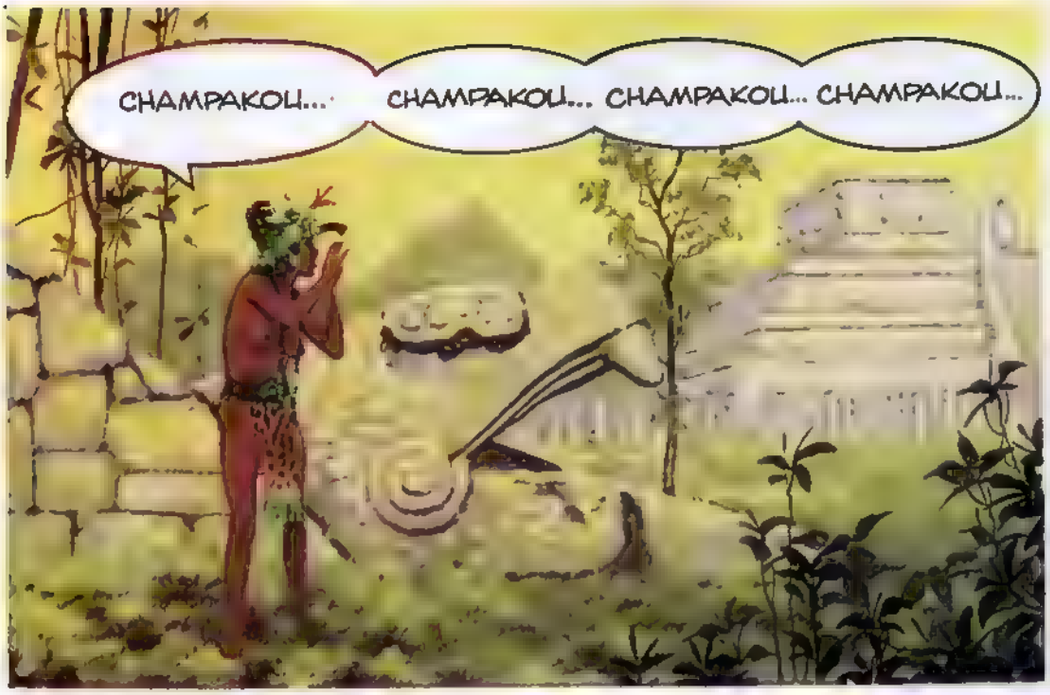

THE DOLL OF JADE IS TORMENTED WITH FEAR AND ANXIETY OVER THE PROLONGED ABSENCE OF HER LOVER... ONE MORNING, UNWILLING TO DO NOTHING ANY LONGER, SHE TAKES HER COURAGE IN HER HANDS, AND...

# champakou

FINAL EPISODE

BY JERONATON




CHAMPAKOU...
CHAMPAKOU... CHAMPAKOU... CHAMPAKOU...

WHERE ARE YOU?
...ARE YOU... ARE YOU

CHAMPAKOU?
PAKOU ... PAKOU ...PAKOU

WHAT IS THIS? CAN THIS BE THE BOAT OF IRON AND LIGHT ABOUT WHICH CHILAM SPOKE?

CHAMPAKOU? WHERE ARE YOU, MY CHAMPAKOU?

CHAMPAKOU! WAKE UP! IT'S ME, THE DOLL OF JADE!
DOLL OF JADE. IS THAT TRULY YOU? STAY HERE WITH ME... I BEG YOU.

CHAMPAKOU, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU? HAS SOMEONE CAST A SPELL ON YOU? COME! LET'S ESCAPE TOGETHER.
THE WOMAN OF HEAVEN... I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE HER... BUT YOU MUST NOT LEAVE ME... HOW AND WHY DID CHILAM LEAVE THIS MAGICIAN? I WON'T MAKE IT...
SOMEONE IS CLIMBING UP THE LADDER! IT'S THE DEMON COMING BACK! I WILL SAVE YOU DESPITE YOURSELF, MY LOVE!
YOUR STRENGTH, YOUR LIFE IS LEAVING YOU, CHAMPAKOU! IS THIS MONSTER BEING NOURISHED IN SOME WAY BY YOU?
HOW DO YOU FEEL, MY FRIEND? I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOMETHING TO EAT THAT WILL PUT YOU BACK ON YOUR FEET.
THEN YOU'LL LOVE ME AGAIN, WON'T YOU?

I HAVE TO WARN THE MEN OF THE CITY AND MAKE THEM ACT. WITHOUT THEM, I'M POWERLESS.
IN THE MEANTIME, AT SAYATAL, THE BATABOOB, GOVERNOR OF THE CITY, HAD BROUGHT TOGETHER HIS COUNCIL.
FOUR MORNINGS AGO OUR RESPECTABLE FORTUNE TELLER DISAPPEARED. HAS ANY
HAS ANYONE SEEN HIM? CAN SOMEONE TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
DEVOURED BY A BEAST OR AN ALLIGATOR, PERHAPS?
OR SURPRISED AND TAKEN BY A BAD SPIRIT?
WE'VE SEARCHED THE OBSERVATORY FROM TOP TO BOTTOM. AND THE CITY AS WELL. NOT A SINGLE TRACE OF CHAMPAKOU.
GET UP, OLD ONE! YOUR SON IS A GOOD ASTROLOGER, AND I WILL DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO HAVE HIM FOUND.
MY SON! O MY SAVIOR! WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HIM? FIND MY SON!

CHECTUMAL! I'M HAPPY THAT YOU CAME BACK FROM TEOTIHUACON AT THIS MOMENT. IT'S NECESSARY FOR THE GUARD TO ORGANIZE SEARCHES IN THE SURROUNDING FOREST AND..

MAJESTY! MAJESTY! I KNOW WHERE CHAMPAKOU IS!

A WOMAN WHO DARES TO DISTURB THE COUNCIL OF THE CACIQUES? THROW HER OUT!
STOP! THIS IS THE DOLL OF JADE...MY WIFE!

CHECTUMAL! MY MAN! YOU MUST HELP! I KNOW WHERE CHAMPAKOU IS, AND HE NEEDS YOUR HELP!
GET UP, WOMAN! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

I KNOW THE PLACE WHERE CHAMPAKOU WENT. AT THIS MOMENT HE IS IN THE GRASP OF A DEMON. IF WE DON'T ACT, HE WILL DIE!

SINCE WHEN HAVE YOU BEEN INTERESTED IN THE ASTROLOGER'S WALKS IN THE FOREST?
THIS IS NEITHER THE TIME NOR THE PLACE TO DISCUSS YOUR PROBLEMS AS A COUPLE! IS IT POSSIBLE TO COMBAT THIS DEMON?
WOULD HE BE YOUR SPECIAL FRIEND, BY ANY CHANCE?
TO LOSE OUR SOOTHSAYER BY COWARDICE WOULD BRING TO US THE VENGEANCE OF THE GODS TO WHOM HE AVOWED HIS EXISTENCE. ITZAMNA* WILL HELP US. THIS DEMON RESEMBLES A WOMAN. BUT I FEAR THAT HE ONLY APPEARS THAT WAY. HE CAME DOWN FROM HEAVEN IN A LARGE PIROGUE OF BRILLIANT METAL. WE SHOULD MAKE HIM AFRAID IF THAT IS POSSIBLE AND FORCE HIM TO GO BACK FROM WHERE HE CAME.
CHECTUMAL, MOBILIZE ONE HUNDRED COURAGEOUS WARRIORS AND GO TO THE AID OF CHAMPAKOU. DURING THIS TIME THE PEOPLE OF SAYATAL WILL INVOKE THE GODS SO THAT THEY WILL BRING US VICTORY.
LEAD US, WOMAN. WE WILL FOLLOW YOU. BUT I WARN YOU THAT ON OUR RETURN, I WILL HAVE MANY QUESTIONS TO ASK OF YOU.

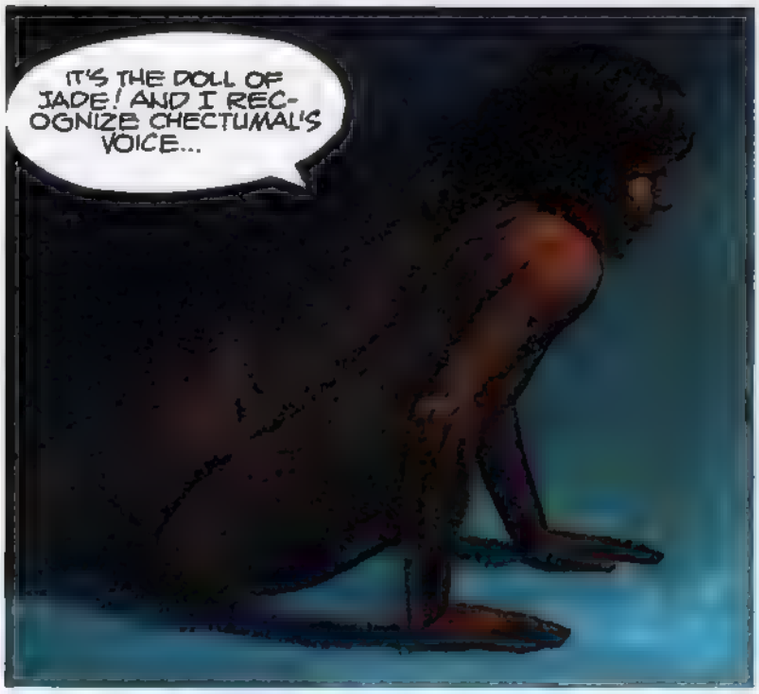
*ITZAMNA: SAVIOR OF MAYAN HEAVEN, SON OF HUNAB KOU, THE CREATOR OF THE WORLD.

?!
BUT IN HER SHIP, THE WOMAN OF HEAVEN FINISHES WITH CHAMPAKOU WHAT SHE BEGAN.
YOU'RE TAKING MY LIFE, WOMAN OF HEAVEN. WHY?
IT'S OUR WAY OF NOURISHING OURSELVES... BUT BE REASSURED. YOU WILL NOT DIE BECAUSE AT PRESENT I'VE ACCUMULATED ENOUGH ENERGY TO GET BACK TO MY PEREGRINATIONS.
I WILL LEAVE YOU SOON. YOUR POWERS WILL RETURN AND ME, I WILL LEAVE AGAIN FOR THE INFINITE SPACES... WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE ME AGAIN ONE DAY?

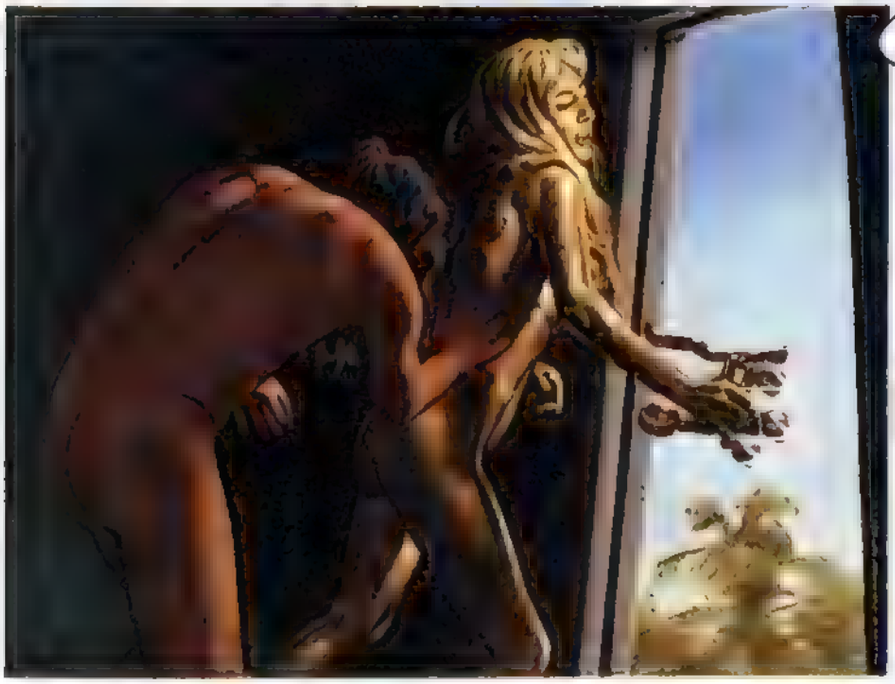
THIS IS STRANGE! THE DISTANT MURMUR OF THE JUNGLE, THE SONGS OF THE BIRDS, AND THE NOISES OF THE INSECTS HAVE STOPPED FOR A MOMENT... HAVE YOU NOTICED?
SOMETHING IS HAPPENING! I'M GOING TO SEE!
TO ARMS! THE DEMON! IT'S COMING OUT!

WHAT IS HAPPENING?
YOUR FRIENDS ARE OUT THERE! THEY WANT, I'M SURE, TO GET YOU BACK. AND THEY ARE TOO NUMEROUS FOR ME TO INFLUENCE THEM TELEPATHICALLY... BUT I HAVE AN IDEA.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? STOP, MAYAS OF SAYATAL! RESPECT ME! ON YOUR KNEES BEFORE IXCHEL, THE WIFE OF KIMICHKAKNO!

I AM THE WIFE OF THE SUN GOD. KIMICHKAKNO SENT ME TO YOU TO MAKE IMPORTANT REVELATIONS TO YOU...HE...
DON'T LISTEN TO HER! THE MAGIC OF THIS DEMON IS VERY STRONG!
SHE CAN'T FOOL THE DOLL OF JADE!
ATTACK!

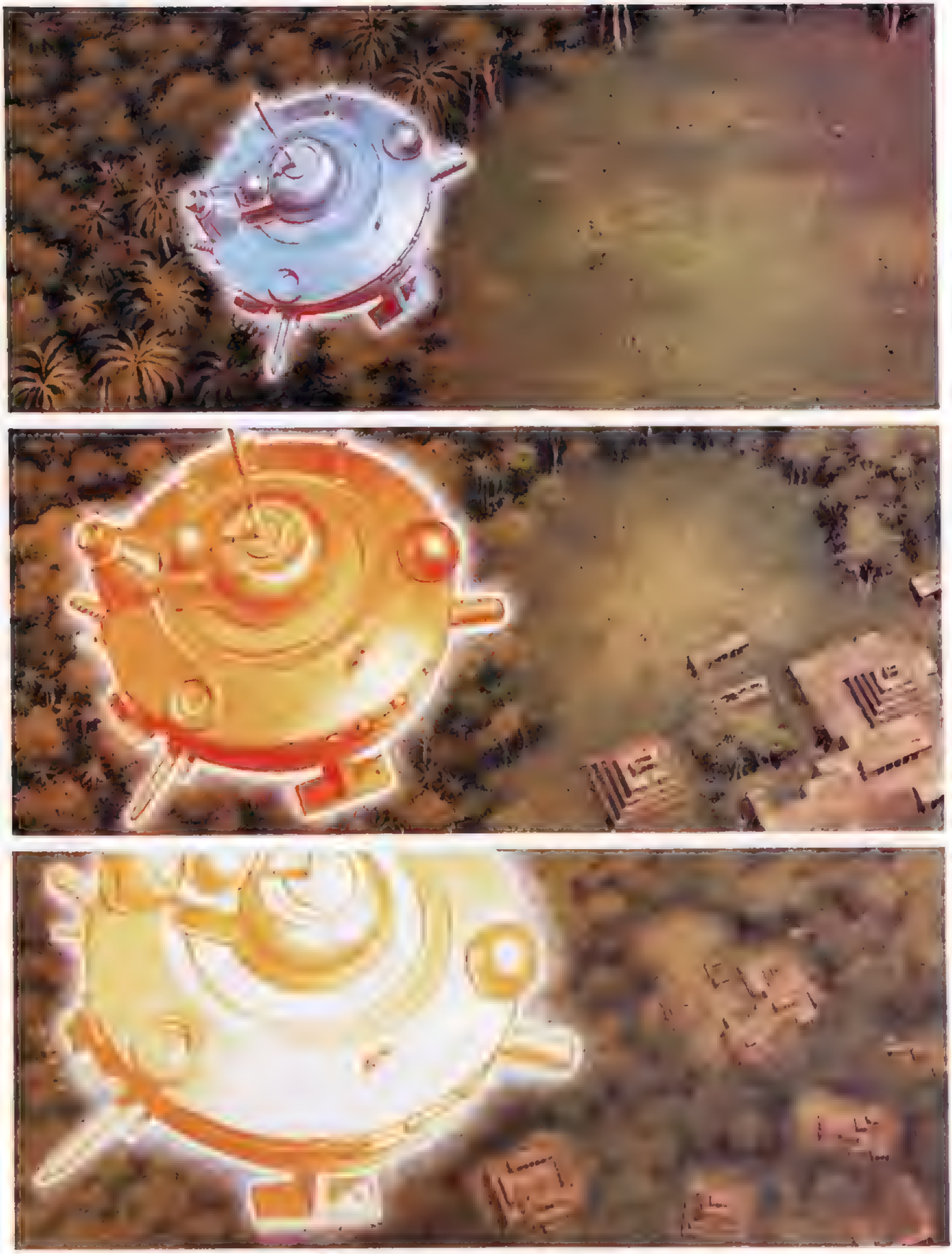


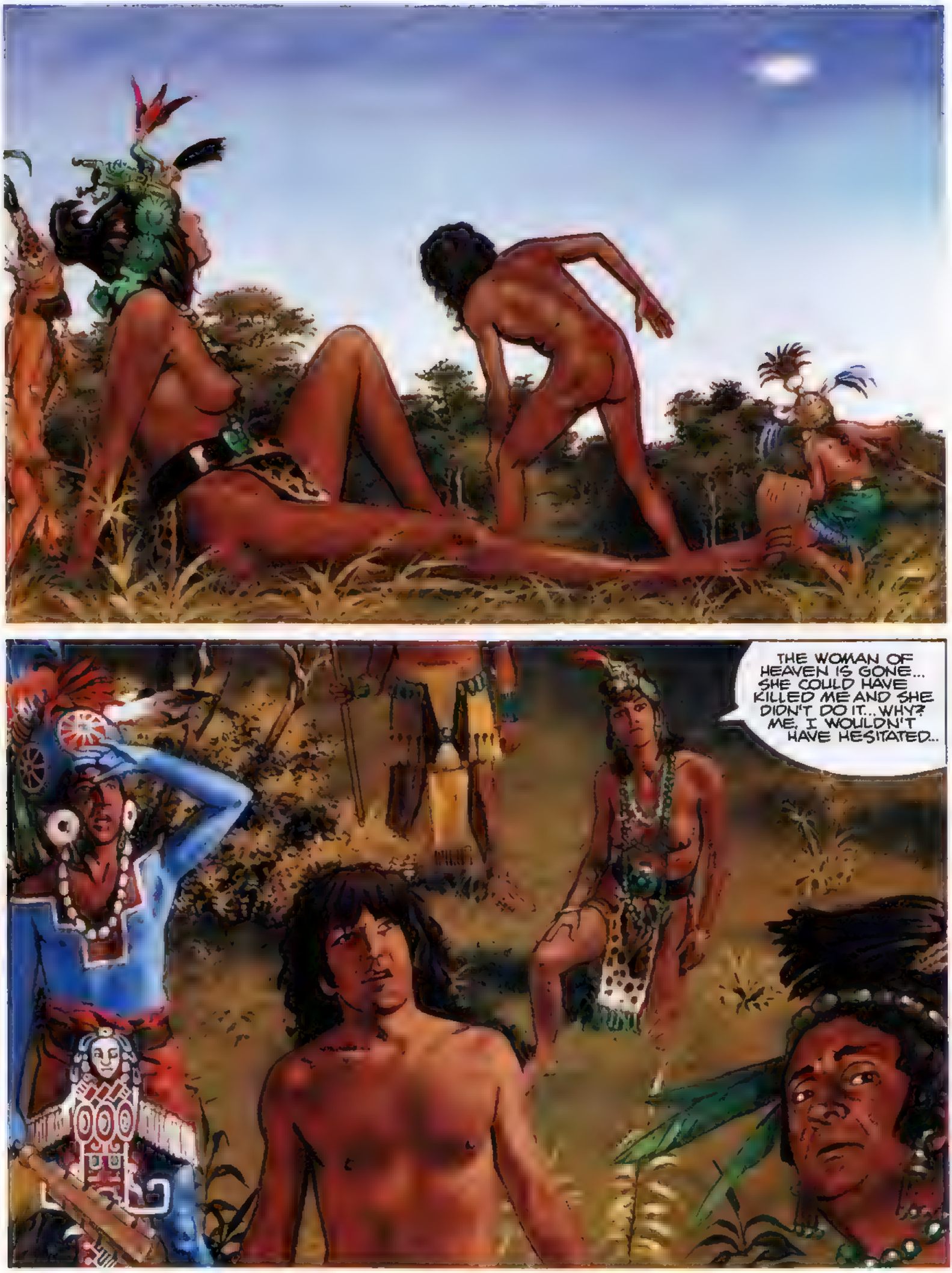
REALIZING THE DANGER FACED BY THE DOLL OF JADE, CHAMPAKOU ACCOMPLISHES THE IMPOSSIBLE: HE STAGGERS TO HIS FEET!

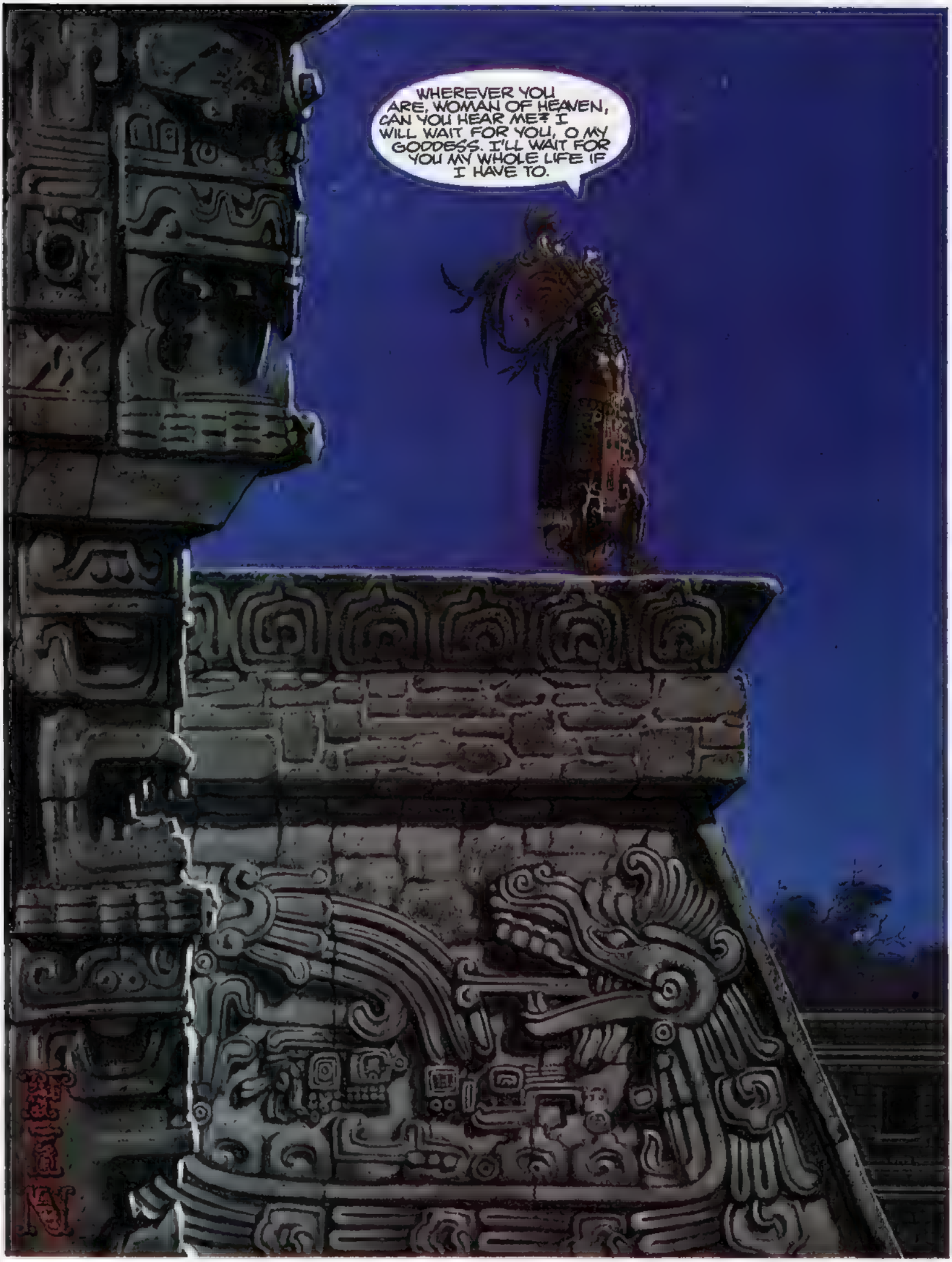


LITTLE MADMAN! ARE YOU CRAZY? IF THEY CAPTURE ME, THEY'LL KILL ME!
CHAMPAKOU, ARE YOU STILL ALIVE?

STOP MY BROTHER! DO NOT THROW THAT LANCE!
GOODBYE, CHAMPAKOU.
SHHHHHH
CAREFUL! LIE DOWN, ALL OF YOU!

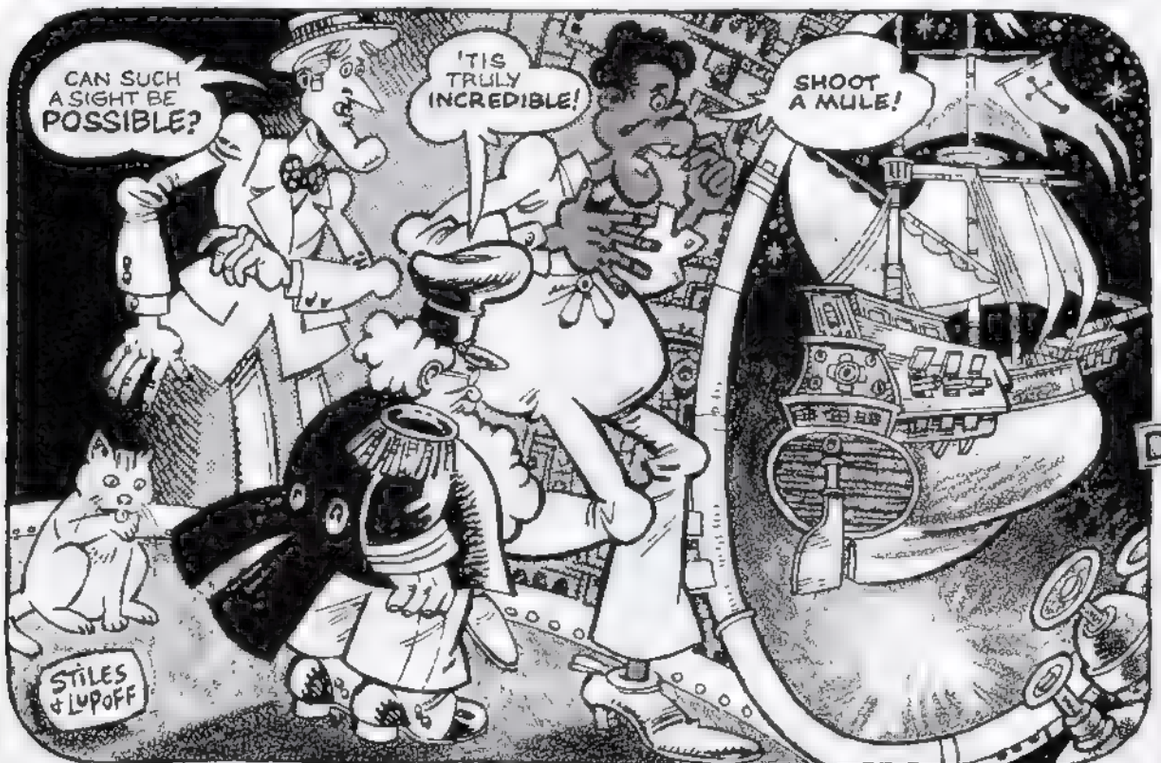


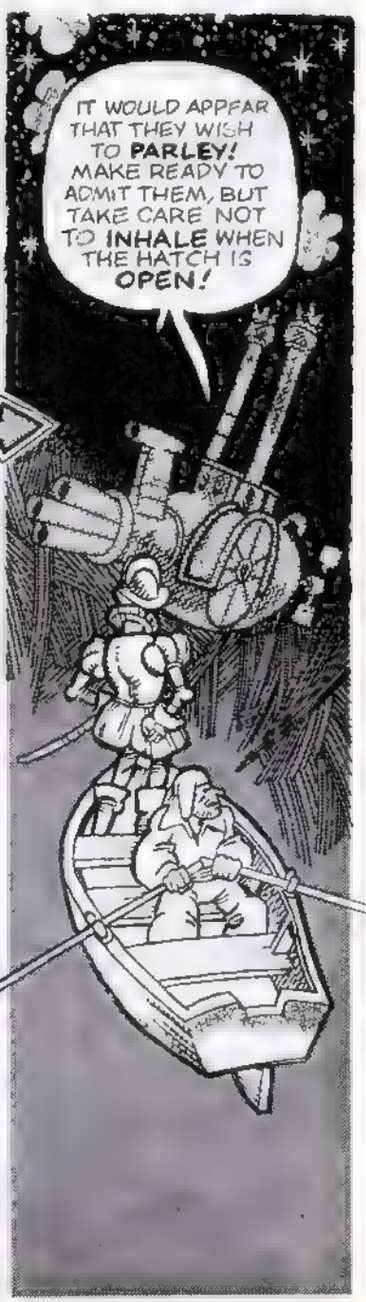

THE WOMAN OF HEAVEN IS GONE... SHE COULD HAVE KILLED ME AND SHE DIDN'T DO IT.. WHY? ME, I WOULDN'T HAVE HESITATED..


WHEREVER YOU ARE, WOMAN OF HEAVEN, CAN YOU HEAR ME? I WILL WAIT FOR YOU, O MY GODDESS. I'LL WAIT FOR YOU MY WHOLE LIFE IF I HAVE TO.

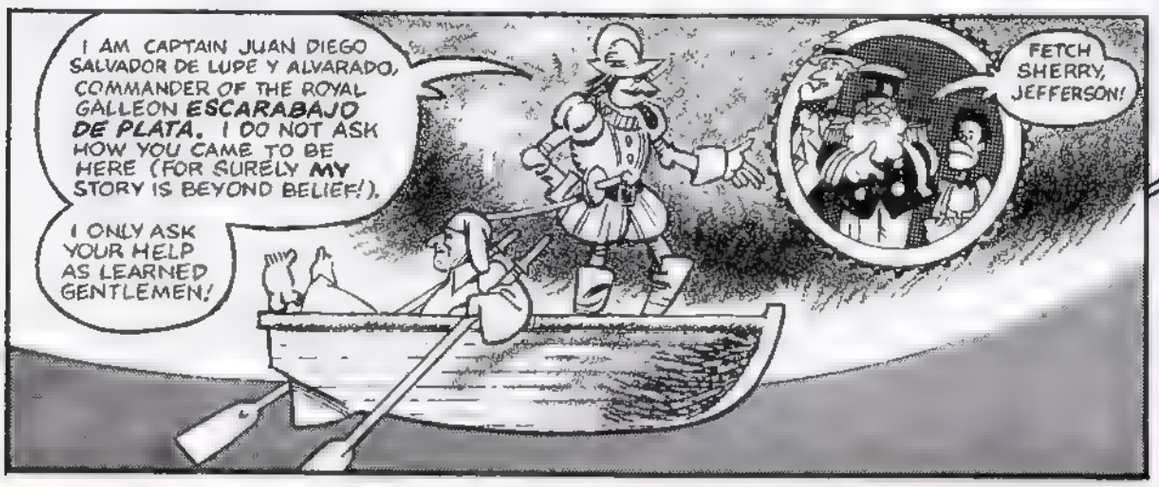
# THE ADVENTURES OF PROFESSOR THINTWHISTLE AND HIS INCREDIBLE AETHER FLYER

**CHAPTER FIVE:** WELL, DEAR READER, TO RECOUNT THE PREVIOUS UNPRECEDENTED EXPERIENCES OF SCIENTIFIC WONDER WOULD BE A DISSERTATION *CHOKED* WITH INTEREST, BUT TO COMPRESS THIS MAGNITUDE INTO A **NUTSHELL**, LET ME ONLY SAY THAT THE *CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR* (AN INGENIOUS "**STEAM POWER**" VESSEL, LATE OF BUFFALO FALLS, PA.) HAD PASSED BEYOND MERELY **FLYING** AND HAD ADVANCED SO FAR AS TO JOURNEY TO THE **MOON!** HOWEVER, MORE IMPROPERLY, THE BULK OF THE *ARTHUR* RESTED UPON A **VAST MILK-SECRETING ORGAN** FOUND UPON THE BREAST OF CERTAIN MEMBERS OF OUR SPECIES; IN SHORT, A **BOSOM!** SPECULATION MUST WAIT, FOR AFTER THE ACCIDENTAL PUNCTURING OF THIS **ORGAN** THE *ARTHUR*, WITH ALL HANDS, TUMBLED WITHIN-- FINDING NOT **MILK**, BUT, RATHER, A MIND CONFOUNDING **VISTA!** RATHER THAN FURTHER STRUGGLE WITH SUCH A COMPLICATED BURDEN OF EXPOSITION, LET US NOW ***PROCEED.*** **ON WITH THE STORY!**




...FOR FLOATING UPRIGHT IN THE INVISIBLE AETHER THE THREE *SPACIAL ARGONAUTS* BEHELD A SPLENDID **SPANISH GALLEON** FROM A PREVIOUS CENTURY REMOVED FROM THE NINETEENTH!


I AM CAPTAIN JUAN DIEGO SALVADOR DE LUPE Y ALVARADO, COMMANDER OF THE ROYAL GALLEON ESCARABAJO DE PLATA. I DO NOT ASK HOW YOU CAME TO BE HERE (FOR SURELY MY STORY IS BEYOND BELIEF!).
I ONLY ASK YOUR HELP AS LEARNED GENTLEMEN!
FETCH SHERRY, JEFFERSON!

ONCE IN THE PROFESSOR'S VERANDA, CAPTAIN LUPE EXPLAINED HOW HE AND HIS CREW CAME TO DEPART EARTH AND FIND THEMSELVES LOST IN THE TRACKLESS VOID. THE ANSWER PROVED QUITE SIMPLE, TO WIT:
...WE FELL OFF THE EDGE OF THE WORLD!
OH.
...YOU HAD TO BE THERE!
NO DOUBT, NO DOUBT...
...ER, BY THE WAY, SIR, DO YOU RECALL THE YEAR YOU LEFT SPAIN FOR THE INDIES?
NOW LET ME SEE... HMM...
"TSAR"?
AH YES -- IT WAS ANNO DOMINI 1492; THE TWELFTH YEAR OF THEIR HISPANIC MAJESTIES, TSAR FERDINAND AND TSARINA ISABELLA!
BUT, OF COURSE, MY PROFESSOR! WE USE THESE TITLES EVER SINCE THE MUSCOVITES HELPED TO CRUSH THE MOORS IN 1000 AD!
JEFFERSON, YOU LOUT! FETCH THE CAPTAIN'S HAT AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!
YAS-SUH!
MY, MY, MY!
I SAID PORT, DAMN YOU!
..SI, SI..
BACK ABOARD THE ESCARABAJO DE PLATA...
?
A NOTE IN MY HELMET...
SO!

LEAVING WHATEVER DARK THOUGHTS JEFFERSON'S MISSIVE MAY HAVE INSPIRED IN CAPTAIN LUPE, LET US RETURN TO OUR STAUNCH COMMANDER, THEOBALD URIAH THINTWHISTLE, AS HE TURNED AND BEGAN TO ADDRESS HIS CREW...
...WE ARE WELL RID OF THAT IBERIAN MADMAN, GENTLEMEN!
...LET US NOW PLUCK UP OUR SPIRITS IN THIS HEAVEN SENT EXPEDITION OF DISCOVERY...
..."TSAR," INDEED!
...WITH WHICH WE SHALL ASTOUND THE BUFFALO FALLS NORMAL SCHOOL WITH OUR FINDINGS!
WHILE JEFFERSON AND HERKIMER CONTEMPLATE THIS PLEASANT PROSPECT, LET US TURN OUR EYES ELSEWHERE--TO THE FACULTY CLUB OF THE BUFFALO FALLS NORMAL SCHOOL...
...WE'RE WELL RID OF THAT MADMAN, I TELL YOU!
...TO HOLD THE VIEWS THAT THINTWHISTLE HAS, SHOULD, IN MY OPINION, DISQUALIFY HIM FROM A POSITION IN WHICH HE MOLDS THE CHARACTER OF THE YOUNG!
SIR!
HERE, HERE!
MISS EDNA TAPHAMMER; A DARINGLY ADVANCED SUFFRAGETTE WHO HAD TRIUMPHED IN HER STRUGGLE TO BE PERMITTED TO TEACH MUSIC TO THE STUDENTS OF BUFFALO FALLS...
THIS IS SIMPLY SHOCKING!
...IS NO ONE CONCERNED WITH THE DISAPPEARANCE OF PROFESSOR THINTWHISTLE?
MISS TAPHAMMER, I SHOULD BE DELIGHTED TO NEVER AGAIN LAY EYES UPON THE OLD HERETIC!
WELL, I EXPECTED AS MUCH FROM YOU, MR. PRITCHARD!
...AND IF THERE IS NO SPARK OF CHRISTIAN COMPASSION WITHIN YOUR NIGGARDLY BREAST, I SHALL BE GLAD TO LEAVE IN HOPES OF SEEKING SOME CLEWS AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE PROFESSOR!

BEFORE THE ASTONISHED PRITCHARD COULD RAISE VOICE TO MAKE REPLY, MISS TAPHAMMER HAD MADE GOOD HER EXIT, FOLLOWED SHORTLY BY THE GOOD-NATURED MR. WINCHESTER BLONT, GEOGRAPHY MASTER AND A GREAT FAVORITE OF STUDENTS AND FACULTY...

WAIT, MISS TAPHAMMER! I SHALL ACCOMPANY YOU!

AT THE SAME TIME THE ANGRY MISS TAPHAMMER AND THE ACCOMMODATING MR. BLONT WERE MAKING THEIR WAY TO THE LOCALE OF THE THINTWHISTLE HOME, OUR REVERED SAVANT AND HIS CREW WERE QUAFFING DOWN FOAMING MUGS OF DARK GINGER BEER IN THE SALOON OF THE *CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR*...

***HOW*** WE CAME TO THIS NEW AETHER WITHIN THE GREAT LADY OF THE MOON, I KNOW ***NOT.*** BUT IT IS A GREAT OPPORTUNITY! ...WE NEED BUT TO KEEP UP OUR COURAGE IN THIS GREAT QUEST AND WE WILL RETURN TO BUFFALO FALLS COVERED WITH **GLORY!**

...PERHAPS WE WILL ENCOUNTER THE TEN LOST TRIBES OF ISRAEL!

MEANWHILE, ON THE SURFACE OF THE MOON, WHICH HAD PASSED FROM THE VIEW OF OUR THREE PENNSYLVANIANS AT THE MOMENT THAT THEIR CRAFT HAD FALLEN INTO THE BOSOM OF ***QUEEN SELENA,*** THAT VERY LADY WAS FACED WITH A *PROBLEM* OF HER OWN...

HISS!

HER FORM IS *EXQUISITE* FOR ALL ITS MASSIVE DIMENSIONS, BUT THE GRACEFUL BOSOM OF THE LADY SHOWS MARKED SIGNS OF, WELL, ***SHRIVELING!***

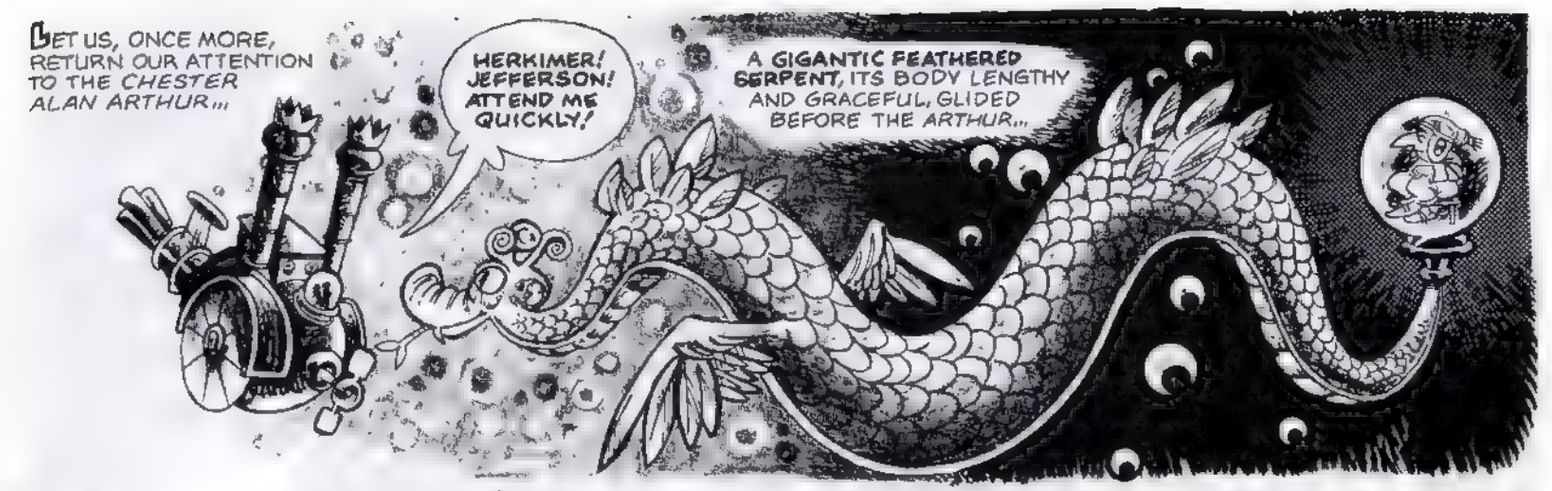
SELENA RACES INTO HER OFFICAL RESIDENCE, THE PALACE OF PEACE AND JOY. SHE PAUSES FOR NO ONE, BUT INSTEAD HASTENS TO HER ROYAL APARTMENTS...

...WHERE THE BEAUTEOUS QUEEN FLINGS OPEN THE LID OF AN INTRICATELY CARVEN CHEST, EXTRACTS A ***TUBE*** WHICH SHE AFFIXES TO THE HOLE IN HER BREAST...

... AND BLOWS, PERSPIRATION DOTTING HER CREAMY BROW, UNTIL HER PRETTY BOSOM SLOWLY ***EXPANDS*** TO ITS PREVIOUS SHAPE AND SIZE!

QUEEN SELENA SEALS THE WOUND, PUTS AWAY THE TUBE, AND LIES DOWN TO REST. HER KINGDOM HAS HAD A ***CLOSE CALL*** THIS DAY!

WHEW!

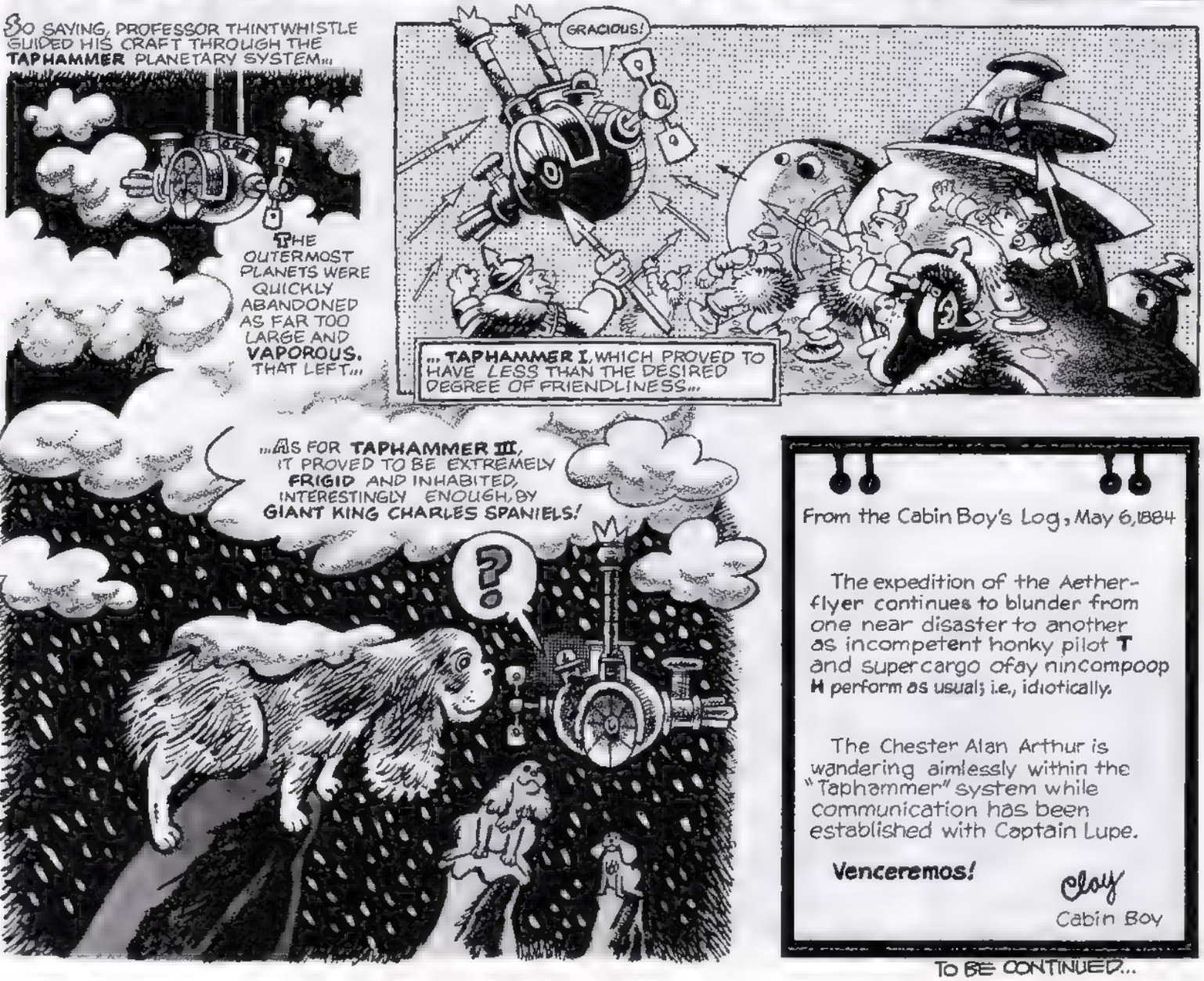

LET US, ONCE MORE, RETURN OUR ATTENTION TO THE CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR...
HERKIMER! JEFFERSON! ATTEND ME QUICKLY!
A GIGANTIC FEATHERED SERPENT, ITS BODY LENGTHY AND GRACEFUL, GLIDED BEFORE THE ARTHUR...

THIS STRANGE CREATURE SEEMED TO BE SIGNALING SOMEONE ABOARD THE ARTHUR...

AS THE FEATHERED SERPENT SLID PAST THE ARTHUR, THE WILY JEFFERSON, UNSEEN BY THE OTHERS, NODDED AND CHUCKLED...
TIS THE LEGENDARY FLYING SERPENT OF THE AZTECS!
ARE MY FACULTIES DESERTING ME IN THIS, THE PRIME OF MY LIFE?

WHAT TALES WILL I SPIN WHEN I NEXT VISIT THE BUFFALO FALLS YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION!
JEFFERSON! WHAT AILS YOU? WHY DO YOU TREMBLE SO?

HARDLY HAD THEY COMPLIED WITH THIS INSTRUCTION...
LOOK YONDER! IF MY RECOLLECTION OF YOUR ASTRONOMY LECTURES IS NOT AT FAULT, WE MAY BE NEARING OUR VERY SUN AND HOME WORLD!


SO SAYING, PROFESSOR THINTWHISTLE GUIDED HIS CRAFT THROUGH THE TAPHAMMER PLANETARY SYSTEM...
THE OUTERMOST PLANETS WERE QUICKLY ABANDONED AS FAR TOO LARGE AND VAPOROUS. THAT LEFT...
GRACIOUS!
...TAPHAMMER I, WHICH PROVED TO HAVE LESS THAN THE DESIRED DEGREE OF FRIENDLINESS...
...AS FOR TAPHAMMER III, IT PROVED TO BE EXTREMELY FRIGID AND INHABITED, INTERESTINGLY ENOUGH, BY GIANT KING CHARLES SPANIELS!
?

From the Cabin Boy's Log, May 6, 1884

The expedition of the Aether-flyer continues to blunder from one near disaster to another as incompetent honky pilot **T** and supercargo ofay nincompoop **H** perform as usual; i.e., idiotically.

The Chester Alan Arthur is wandering aimlessly within the "Taphammer" system while communication has been established with Captain Lupe.

**Venceremos!**

Clay
Cabin Boy

TO BE CONTINUED...

WORK AND WIN
TO ALL ZONE CITIZENS: RETURN WITH US NOW TO YESTERYEAR, WHERE BRAVE FREE ZONE MEN AND WOMEN DARE ALL THEIR CHROMOSOMES IN JUST THREE OR FOUR LAYERS OF PROTECTIVE CLOTHING AND ALL THE B-16 THEY CAN INJEST!
...JOIN US NOW IN "FRONTIER PILLBOX!"
I SURE AM TIRED OF FUMBLING THROUGH 3 OR 4 LAYERS OF SEALED ZIPPERS...
A MAN GETS TIRED OF DOING ALL THAT JUST TO PULL OUT A PLASTIC BAG FOR THE WASTE UNIT!
A MAN GETS LONESOME, ADRIENE!
DON'T GET PERSONAL, CITIZEN! WE AGREED TO KEEP THIS ON THE JOB LEVEL, OKAY?
BOOM!
DON'T GET PERSONAL!? ADRIENE, WE'VE BEEN HERE FOR SEVEN YEARS! AND WE...
WE...
THEY'RE SHELLING AGAIN, ROBERT!
WHAM! WHAM!
YES, THEY'RE SHELLING UP THERE IN RADIOACTIVE HELL, BUT I'M A MAN AND SOMEONE HAS TO GO...
SIGH!
THIS MAY BE THE DAY I CATCH A BULLET!
YOU'RE BREAKING MY HEART! NOW GET UP THERE!

## THE JERONATON INTERVIEW
## by Diana K. Bletter

*continued from page 6*

the reader. For example, I did a story about Spartacus, who organized the slave rebellion, and I wanted to show how he was a good man. But it began to be difficult because people want everything in simplistic terms. They want the good people to be on one side and the bad to be on the other, but everyone is a mixture of good and bad. It's hard to have nuances; people don't want to complicate their lives.

**HM:** Have you ever had a "close encounter of the third kind"?

**Jeronaton:** No, if I had, I'd know a lot more [*laughter*]. As it is I hardly know anything.

**HM:** What about seeing a UFO?

**Jeronaton:** Well, one time someone told me about a UFO that was seen in the south of France. It had been photographed, and pictures even appeared in some newspapers. The following year I went camping there with my children and some friends, and the same day, the following year, we saw the UFO that was spotted the year before. We returned the following year, the same day, but we didn't see anything. Have you ever?

**HM:** Now you're interviewing me?

**Jeronaton:** Yes.

**HM:** Well, one time when I was younger I saw a white light pass by my bedroom window.

**Jeronaton:** And it couldn't have been an airplane?

**HM:** No.

**Jeronaton:** And did you have enough time to see it?

**HM:** Yes, but I've never been sure as to what it could have been. You know, after reading a story like *Champakou* I would think that you would be less pragmatic and believe more in fantasy than you actually do. Your approach is rather scientific.

**Jeronaton:** The story is a dream, not at all real.

**HM:** Do you believe in fate?

**Jeronaton:** Yes, but I think that people can make their own fates. I used to think that nothing happened by chance, but now I'm not sure. I'd like to think we were created to be or do something here.

**HM:** Then you do believe in some kind of force?

**Jeronaton:** Yes, but I can't even imagine what it is. Ants can't imagine the world of men, so it's absurd to think that we can imagine some force beyond us. Einstein, before he died, said that the more research he did, the more he was sure there was a God and the more he was sure he'd never understand Him. I think it's the same for me.

**HM:** Do you ever take drugs?

**Jeronaton:** No, not anymore. I've tried, but now I'm against it. I smoked hash with the people in India every night, but here it's different. People go crazy with it here.

**HM:** Have you ever done drugs to change the way you draw or dream?

**Jeronaton:** No, I've never done them to escape reality.

**HM:** But you left Belgium, and you've said you want to return to India. Don't you think that's escaping reality?

**Jeronaton:** No. If you are living a sad reality, fortunately, you can change it. Everything you do you merit, or else you pay dearly. People who don't take their lives into their own hands, then blame the government, the society, or other people, they don't do anything for themselves.

**HM:** How do you think the world will end?

**Jeronaton:** Either there will be a nuclear war, as the Bible and other religious texts predicted the world would end in fire, or people will learn to change.

**HM:** Do you believe in "I think, therefore I am"?

**Jeronaton:** Yes. I'm conscious, therefore I am.

**HM:** Do you think there's life on other planets?

**Jeronaton:** It's more absurd to think there's no life on other planets.

**HM:** What do you plan to do in the future?

**Jeronaton:** I'd like to do something in the Egyptian epoch, not historic, but fantastic. I like traveling to different places and then doing stories about those civilizations.

**HM:** One final question: What is the most important thing for you in your life?

**Jeronaton:** That's easy. To be happy.

## SF by Steve Brown

continued from page 5

ters and indifferent plot recede in importance before that stupendous landscape.

The Ringworld concept touched a sensitive nerve in the public imagination. The book won the field's two major awards, scientists and high school classes developed detailed analyses of various aspects of the Ringworld. Ctein and scientist Dan Alderson spent several *years* independently working out quantitative analyses of the Ringworld's instability, and an endless river of mail flowed into Niven's mailbox

Niven insisted for years that he wouldn't write a sequel, but apparently the pressure was too great. He has just published *The Ringworld Engineers*, which picks up twenty years after the end of the first novel. In keeping with Niven's methodical-compulsive style, the sequel answers most of the important questions raised by the first book (though I still want to know how the hell the engineers managed to process $10^{24}$ *tons* of dirt into the super strong "scrith" that comprises the Ringworld's floor)

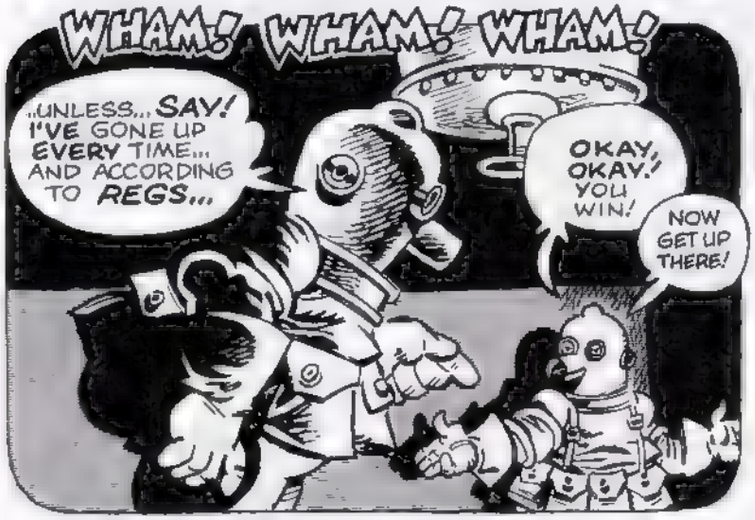
Larry Niven is a clever man with a hypertrophied imagination and one of the most well-developed extrapolative skills in the field. Most writers could have thought of the idea of the Ringworld. Fewer would have seen the necessity for shadow squares (twenty million miles on a side, held together in a circular orbit inside the circle of the Ringworld by infinitely thin, infinitely strong wire. these squares create moving patches of day and night on a planet where it is always high noon). Still fewer writers would have had a spaceship impact the wire, rip one end loose from a shadow square, and land on the Ringworld, trailing millions of miles of the stuff behind it. And only Niven could have given the reader the astonishing picture of a city filling with endlessly falling shadow square wire: a deadly gray fog slowly obscuring the buildings. Niven is fond of taking his ideas several steps further than most others (he even found a use for all that wire later on in the book).

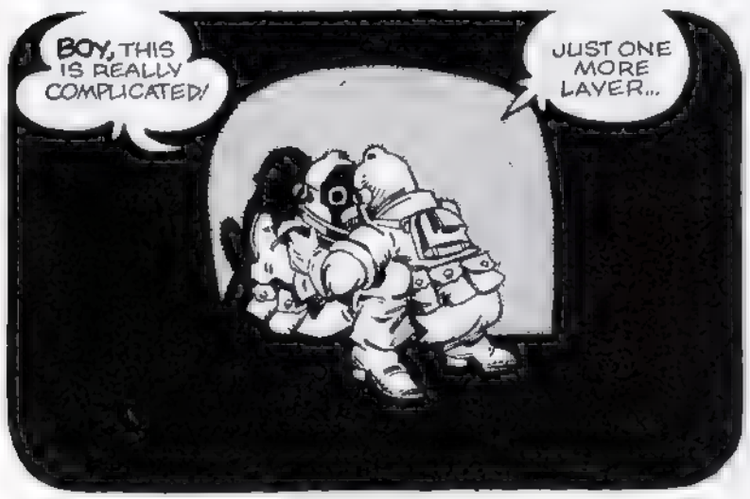
Most of Niven's stories, and in particular the two Ringworld novels, overflow with a wealth of carefully worked-out ideas. There are the deadly sunflowers, plants with built-in parabolic reflectors and directional control —a field of several million of them can focus the sun's rays on an intruder with the devastating effect of a high-powered laser. He has created some remarkable aliens, notably the Puppeteers, a peculiar three-legged race whose psychology is based on applied cowardice, and who have been beavering away in the background for millennia, influencing events in the histories of most of "Known Space"'s intelligent species, including, of course, us. I am particularly fond of the Bandersnatchii, the huge food beasts developed by a long-vanished race. Bigger than brontosauri, with no legs, arms, or any sensory organs, but with huge brains (considered a delicacy) and attendant huge intellects, forever cut off from any direct perception of the world around them. The myriad surprising aspects of the Ringworld are Niven conceptualizing at his peak

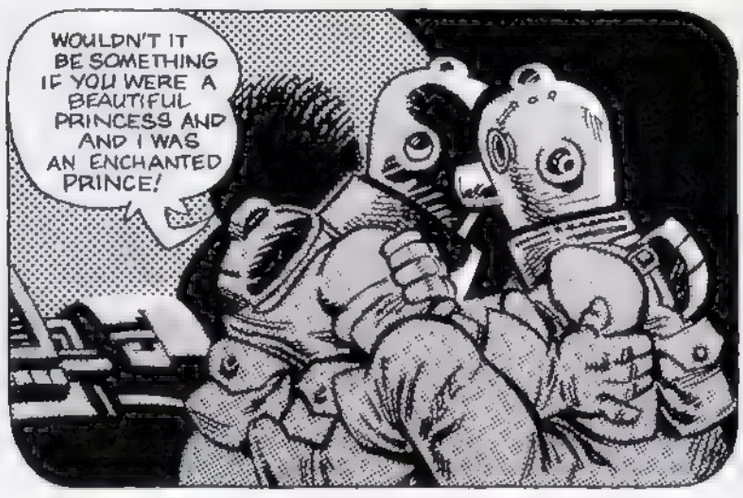
Niven's concepts are so pretty that it is easy to forgive him a certain amount of clumsy prose, labored plotting, and empty characterization. Every Niven story leaves the reader with a conceptual residue, but prolonged exposure to his work will leave one with the feeling of "conceptualis interruptus." His ideas, as elaborate and interesting as they are, remain skeletons Effective fiction must have some solid human feeling to draw the reader in and keep him Niven is one of the more clever SF writers, but, alas, that is all he is. Fifteen years of professional writing have made him merely more clever. His people and plots are as arbitrary and simplistic as they were in his first published stories.

In *The Ringworld Engineers* Niven is consciously trying for strong emotion and serious conflict. He gives his protagonist, Louis Wu, some severe personal problems, but they are only clever problems. Wu isn't haunted by his own compulsions and illusions, he isn't trying to deal with an uncomfortable pattern of relationships: no, he is trying to break an addiction to electric current (a socket is implanted in the skull with an attached machine that releases a constant trickle of current directly to the pleasure

continued on page 71





STORY BY BOB KEENAN

# EARTH VERSUS THE

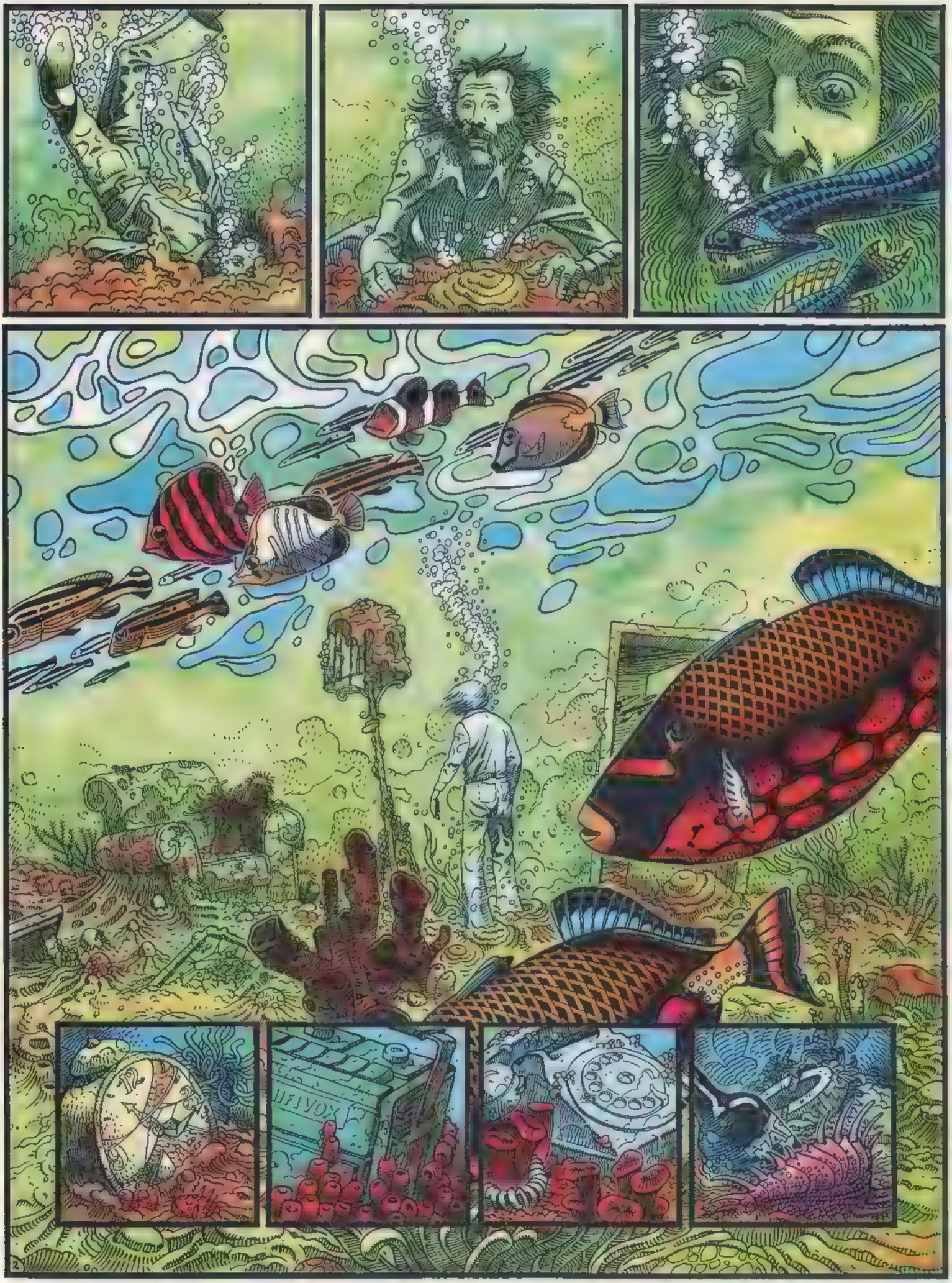
Well, we made it through the night, eh Burke?
Why don't you try to grab a little shuteye? I'll take over for you on watch
I ... I don't think I could sleep, Sarge ... I'm scared! ... What the devil are these Wallendas ?
Nobody knows son, but buck up ... they say you never hear the one with your name on it, eh?
Hi fellas. Say, can you spare a little coffee "for our men in the trenches"?
Sure, help yourself

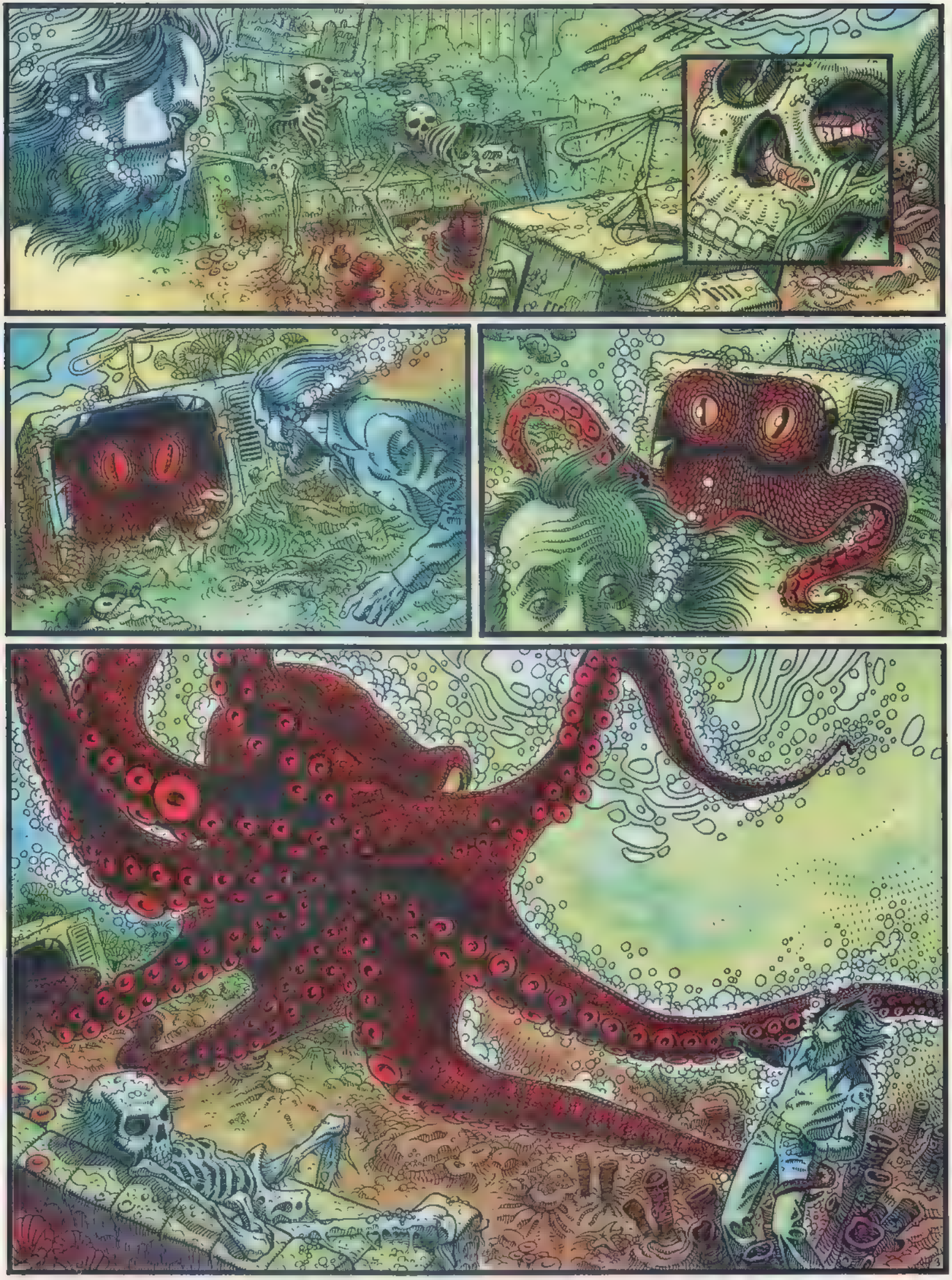
ART © 1979 BIL MAHER
FLYING WALLENDAS
Okay buddy, get ready for a real Brooklyn breakfast...
Ed? ... OH GOOD CHRIST!!!
All right men! Look sharp!
This is IT!

# SHIPWRECK

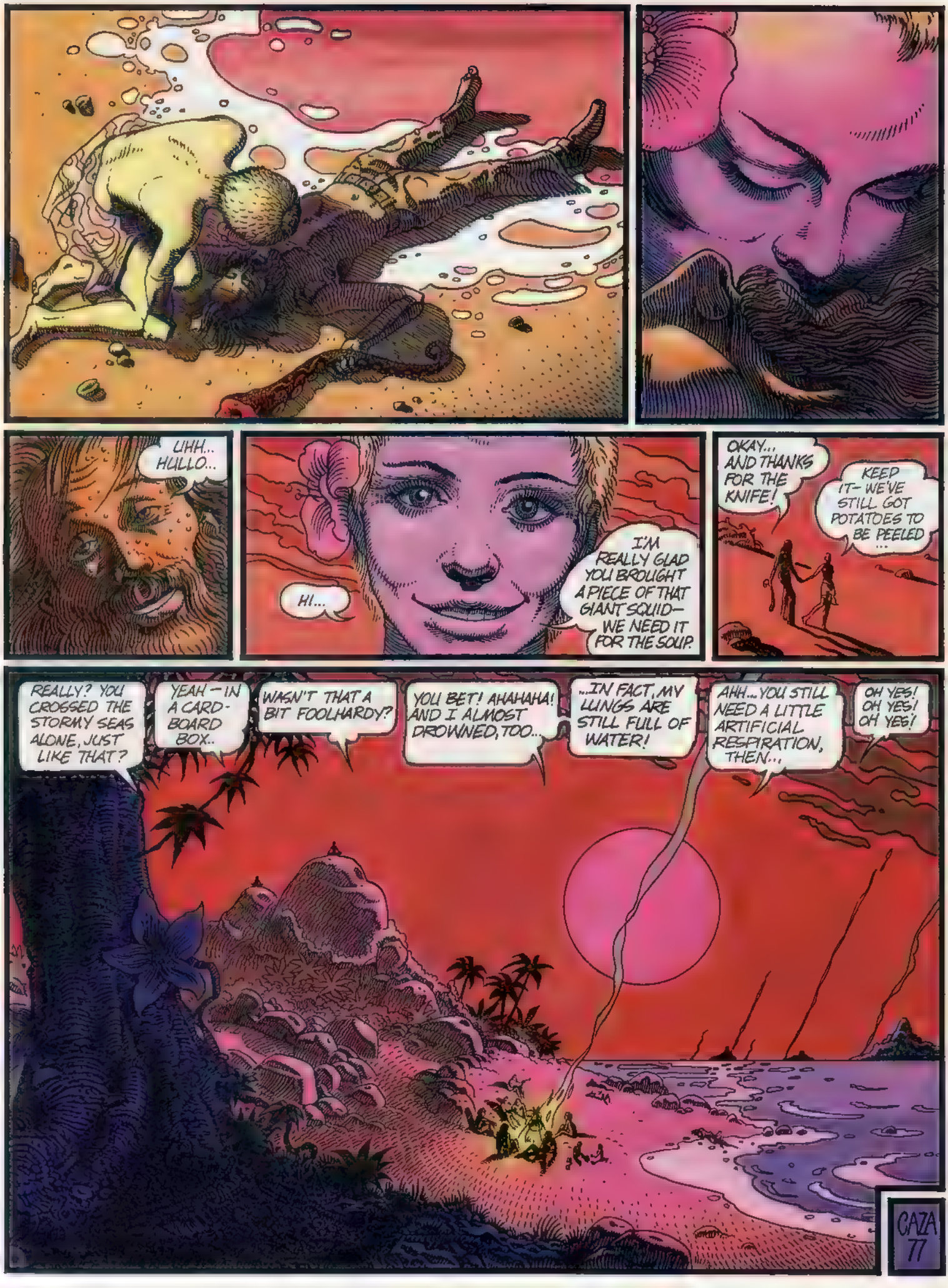
by CAZA

...THE LONE SEAMAN FINDS HIMSELF LOST IN THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE...
FRAGILE
DAMN! AN INTERIOR STORM!
(. THE WORST KIND!)
THE BREAKERS!
ALL HANDS — ABANDON SHIP! WE'RE GOING DOWN!!
A LEAK AT THE BOW!!
HELP—!
BLUB!


VOX



AH!


UHH... HULLO...
HI...
I'M REALLY GLAD YOU BROUGHT A PIECE OF THAT GIANT SQUID— WE NEED IT FOR THE SOUP.
OKAY... AND THANKS FOR THE KNIFE!
KEEP IT— WE'VE STILL GOT POTATOES TO BE PEELED ...
REALLY? YOU CROSSED THE STORMY SEAS ALONE, JUST LIKE THAT?
YEAH — IN A CARD-BOARD BOX..
WASN'T THAT A BIT FOOLHARDY?
YOU BET! AHAHAHA! AND I ALMOST DROWNED, TOO...
...IN FACT, MY LUNGS ARE STILL FULL OF WATER!
AHH... YOU STILL NEED A LITTLE ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION, THEN...
OH YES! OH YES! OH YES!
CAZA 77

# the alchemist supreme

## part two

By Godard and Ribera

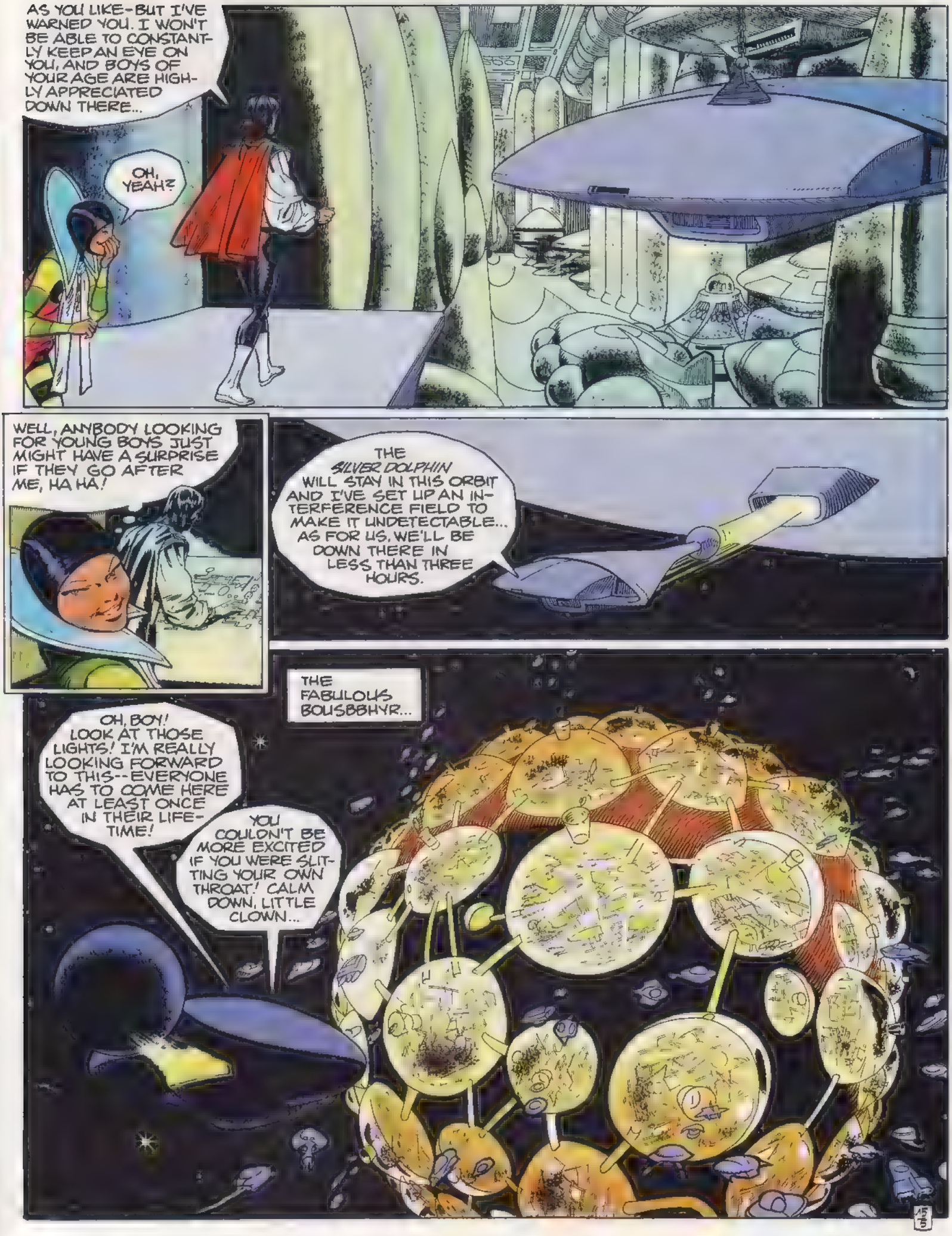
THE GREAT PACK?!?..THAT FAMOUS LAWLESS GUARD OF MAN-DOGS WHO HAVE SURROUNDED THE ALL-POWERFUL FOR THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF YEARS? HA, HA! YET ANOTHER WILD FANTASY!
???
THUMP
THUMP
TIP-TIP
TIP-TIP
AH, GOOD! WE ARE GOING TO HAVE A SMALL DOWNPOUR... WE'D BETTER GO INSIDE...AND QUICKLY!
ARE YOU AFRAID OF THE RAIN?
THE DOWNPOUR I'M TALKING ABOUT ISN'T WATER—IT'S METEORS!
HURRY, MY FRIENDS, HURRY!
I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR SKEPTICISM ABOUT THE GREAT PACK, CHILD. IT'S TALKED ABOUT BUT NEVER SEEN—WHICH IS HOW THE MOLOSSES BECAME A LEGEND. BUT THERE'S A GOOD REASON FOR THAT! WHEN THE PURPLE GUARD FINDS AN ISOLATED, LOST, OR ESCAPED MOLOSS, AS I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU, THE MOLOSS IS DESTROYED IMMEDIATELY—WITHOUT TRIAL OR DELAY. IT'S THE LAW.
TOK TOK TOK TOK
TRUE.

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THE WORLD IS CRAZY! CRAZY! AND ALL THIS CARNAGE, JUST BECAUSE THEY ARE ASOCIAL?
NOT ONLY. IT ALSO SERVES TO PROTECT THE RED SECRET! THAT IS WHAT IT'S ALWAYS CALLED, ISN'T IT, AXLE?
ALWAYS.
THE ALCHEMIST SUPREME, THE GREAT PACK, AND THE RED SECRET! WHAT NONSENSICAL GIBBERISH!...
DON'T PLAY WITH THAT WEAPON, WHIPPERSNAPPER.! IT CAN GO OFF ALL BY ITSELF.
SO WHAT IS THIS RED SECRET, ANYWAY?
THE PLACE WHERE GOD IS SEQUESTERED BY THE PURPLE GUARD—THAT'S WHAT THE "RED SECRET" IS, MY BOY. WHY DO YOU THINK I'M ROTTING ON THIS RIDICULOUS PEBBLE?
IT'S BECAUSE OF ME...
HE DIDN'T HAVE THE COURAGE TO TURN ME OVER TO THEM WHEN HE FOUND ME LOST, STARVED, AND WITHOUT A NUMBER, ON A PLANET OF THE 3 DOUBLE X CATEGORY. AND MORE! WHEN I SAY 3 DOUBLE X...
TAGADAK
TAK
TAK
FRAK
DING
BUT THE BASTARDS LEARNED OF IT, CONDEMNED ME AND PURSUED ME. IF THEY EVER FIND ME, MY GOOSE WILL BE COOKED.

LET THEM COME HERE. I...I.. I WON'T LET THEM NEAR YOU! I'LL TEAR THEM INTO SHREDS! MINCEMEAT! CONFETTI!
THAT'S ENOUGH, FREE'DAY! YOU'VE SAID IT ALL BEFORE. YOU'RE A GOOD BOY! GO TO BED!
THEY DON'T LIKE MY LOOKS MUCH, EITHER...
FISHY FISHY FISHIES...
TELL ME, FREE'DAY! AS A MOLOSS, YOU MUST HAVE SOME IDEA OF WHERE THE GREAT PACK IS, RIGHT? MEMORIES, A TRAIL, SOMETHING?
SHOULD I TELL THEM?
TELL THEM!
BOUSBBHYR!
BRAOUM

THAT'S IT THE STORM IS OVER.
I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH BIG DROPS!
WHAT ABOUT BOUSB-BHYR? YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT THE SMALLEST PLANET IN THE SYS-TEM MAKING UP THE CONSTEL-LATION OF THE SERPENT?
YES. SPECIAL ENVOYS OF THE GREAT PACK OFTEN GO DOWN THERE, AND I KNOW THAT THEY NEVER GO FAR FROM THEIR MASTER.
HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH. ASK TO SPEAK TO FRANCHE-GRELUSS. IN THE REPTILIAN QUARTER. SHE KNOWS A LOT ABOUT THE MOLOSSES. TELL HER THAT YOU COME FROM ME.
OUCH!
PERHAPS SHE'LL TALK, IF YOU SHOW YOURSELF TO BE GENEROUS...
THANKS, ROBSON IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?
INDEED. I'VE USED UP MY LAST MORPHINE CAPSULES. THE BIO-GENETICAL PLATES OF MY MILL HAVE COMPLETELY DRIED UP. AS FOR MY PHARMACY...
COME! THE SILVER DOLPHIN IS INEXHAUST-IBLE...
HEY, AXLE! I'VE NEVER HEARD OF THAT PLANET, BOUSB-BHYR! WHAT KIND OF PLACE IS IT?
A PLACE WHERE PURPLE GUARDS ARE MORE NUMER-OUS THAN LICE ON THE HEAD OF A BEGGAR
AND THAT'S WHERE YOU WANT TO GO? HOW NICE! WE CAN BE CERTAIN OF AN INTERESTING TIME, FOR SURE! WHAT DO PEOPLE GO THERE FOR, ANYWAY?
LET US JUST SAY, FOR RECREATION, LITTLE CLOWN.
MARVACH SEEDS
FIRST CHOICE
BEST QUALITY

YOU'D BETTER NOT USE THIS MONSTROUS SHIP TO GET THERE, MY FRIEND. IT'S TOO EASILY SPOTTED.
YOU'RE RIGHT!... I'LL GO DOWN IN ONE OF MY LIFEBOATS. I'LL LEAVE YOU THIS SMALL TRACTOR—YOU'LL NEED IT. GOOD-BYE, ROBSON!
GOOD LUCK, OLD FRIEND!
TO ATTACK GOD IN PERSON! NOTHING LESS! PFFF... I HAVE THE IMPRESSION THOSE TWO TALK TOO MUCH TO ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING...
DON'T BE PESSIMISTIC, FREE'DAY!
OH, WELL... LET'S PLAY A LITTLE GAME! YES?... COME ON! YOU THROW AND I'LL RUN, OKAY?
FREE'DAY! YOU'RE MAKING ME WORK UP A SWEAT, YOU AND YOUR FETCHING GAME!
I'M WARNING YOU RIGHT NOW, AXLE, MY GOOD MAN! I'M SIMPLY NOT GOING TO STAY ON BOARD AND TWIDDLE MY THUMBS WHILE YOU GO DOWN IN THE BOAT TO I DON'T KNOW WHERE!
SHUT UP, PUNK! BOUSB-BHYR IS THE PLANET OF VICE AND PLEAS-URES! YOU WILL GIVE ME NOTHING BUT TROUBLE THERE.
VICE AND PLEASURES!... THE VERY THINGS THAT WERE LEFT OUT OF MY EDUCATION! I WOULDN'T MISS THAT FOR ALL THE GOLD IN THE WORLD...


AS YOU LIKE-BUT I'VE WARNED YOU. I WON'T BE ABLE TO CONSTANTLY KEEP AN EYE ON YOU, AND BOYS OF YOUR AGE ARE HIGHLY APPRECIATED DOWN THERE...
OH, YEAH?
WELL, ANYBODY LOOKING FOR YOUNG BOYS JUST MIGHT HAVE A SURPRISE IF THEY GO AFTER ME, HA HA!
THE *SILVER DOLPHIN* WILL STAY IN THIS ORBIT AND I'VE SET UP AN INTERFERENCE FIELD TO MAKE IT UNDETECTABLE... AS FOR US, WE'LL BE DOWN THERE IN LESS THAN THREE HOURS.
THE FABULOUS BOUSBBHYR...
OH, BOY! LOOK AT THOSE LIGHTS! I'M REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS--EVERYONE HAS TO COME HERE AT LEAST ONCE IN THEIR LIFETIME!
YOU COULDN'T BE MORE EXCITED IF YOU WERE SLITTING YOUR OWN THROAT! CALM DOWN, LITTLE CLOWN...

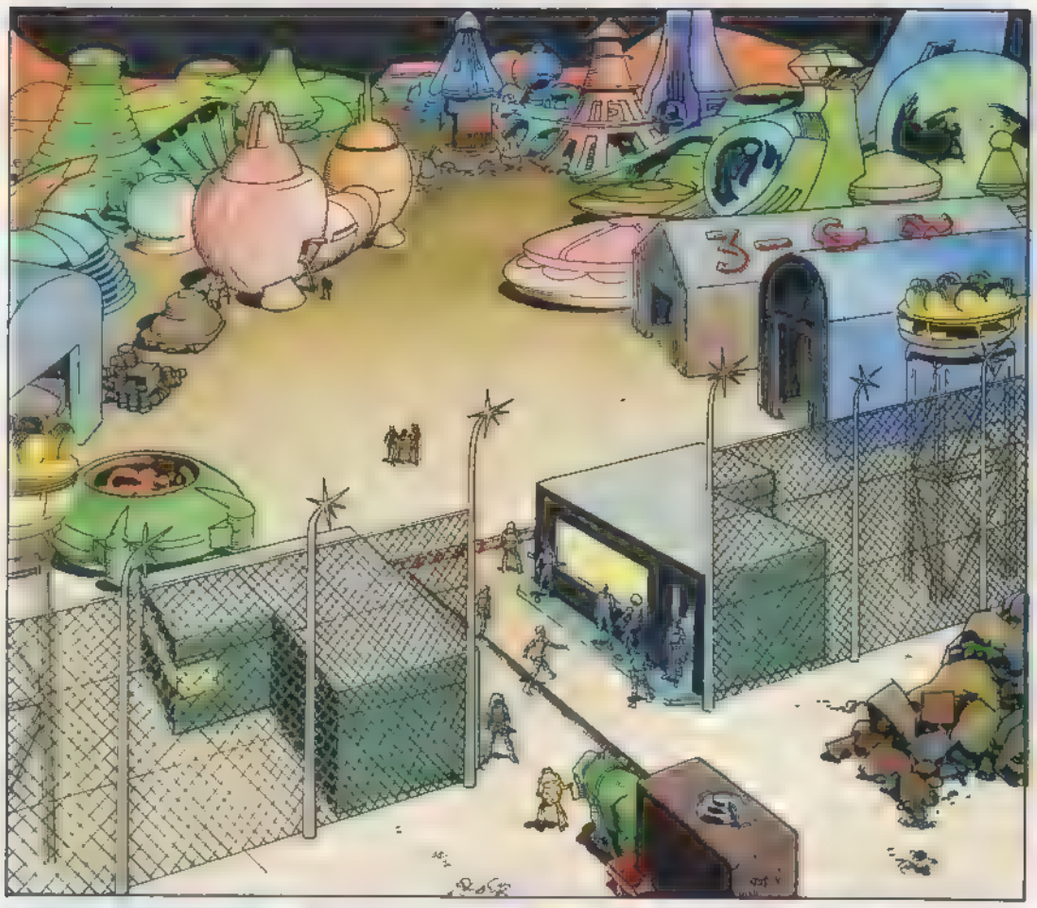
FROM ALL OVER THE INHABITED GALAXY, FROM EVEN THE MOST DISTANT WORLDS, SENTIENT SPECIES OF EVERY KNOWN TYPE COME TO BOUSBBHYR TO TASTE THEIR WILDEST DREAMS, THEIR MOST EXTRAVAGANT ECSTACIES... ALL RACES CAN BE FOUND THERE, ALL SEXES, ALL VICES, ALL NEUROSES, ALL PERVERSIONS...
ENTER HERE, MY PRINCE! THE FIRST CONSUMPTION IS FREE AND THE SPECTACLE IS PERMANENT...
Chez TOUTOUNE
NATURIST CLUB
PIGALLE
HERE IN A CORNER OF THE QUARTER OF THE SEPYRUTE ARE MONSTROUS CREATURES ARMED WITH THIRTY-SIX TENTACLES WITH, AT EACH EXTREMITY, A STARVING MOUTH...
SORRY, FRIEND, BUT THIS IS TOO EXPENSIVE FOR ME!
WELL, GET ALONG WITH YOU, THEN!

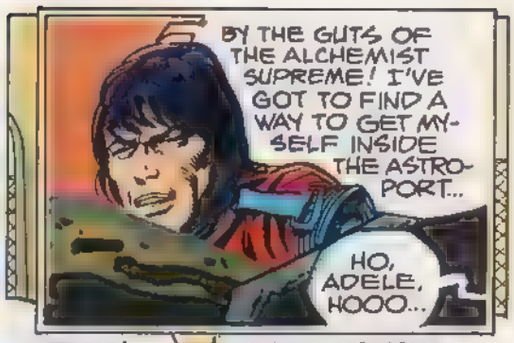
AN ALLEY OF FAMOUS FEMALES, OF WHOM IT IS SAID THAT WITH THE DIVINELY EROTIC BUT INDESCRIBABLE POWER OF THEIR VOICES ALONE, THEY CAN CREATE INEXPRESSIBLE ECSTASIES, LIKE THE SIRENS OF ANCIENT TIMES...
IF YOUR CURIOSITY TAKES YOU IN THERE, OLD MAN, AND YOU WANT TO PRESERVE YOUR FREE WILL, ONE SUGGESTION: EAR PLUGS!
...THE AVENUE OF BOUCHEPHALES, OR REVERSE WOMEN, WHO WEAR THEIR SEX IN THE MIDDLE OF THEIR FACES, AND WHO REFUSE TO REMOVE THEIR SHORTS BECAUSE THEY ARE VENTRILOQUISTS...
HAH! YOU'RE NOT A REAL BLOND!
DOES IT MATTER, HONEY?
AND THE ROOMS OF THE STRANGE MATRICYALES, MARVELOUS LIQUID ENTITIES, CREATURES WITHOUT FORM, PRISONERS OF THEIR AQUARIUM TANKS, INTO WHOM A CUSTOMER MAY DIVE AND IMMERSE HIMSELF COMPLETELY, GIVING HIMSELF UP TO SUPREME HAPPINESS...
YOU'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT OF HERE. HE'S BEEN MARINATING IN THAT TANK FOR THREE DAYS NOW! HE'LL KILL HIMSELF!
THAT'S OF NO CONCERN TO ME. HE PAID IN ADVANCE.

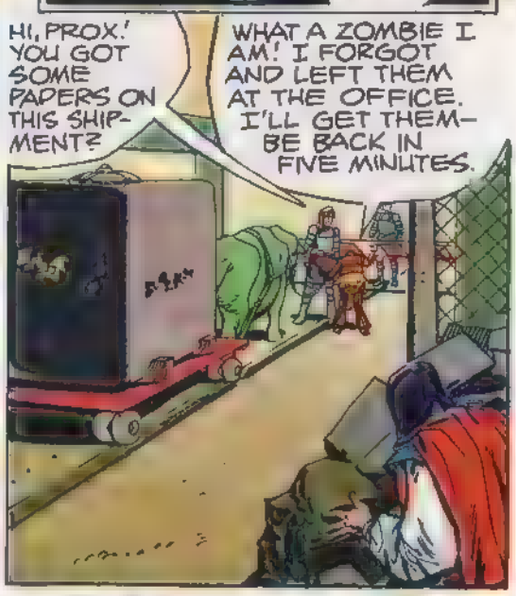
WHY ARE WE LEAVING THE BOAT HERE? THIS QUARTER LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEING TORN DOWN!
I'D JUST AS SOON NOT ADVERTISE MY PRESENCE IN A REGULAR PARKING AREA, SPRAT!
YOU'LL FIND THE QUARTER OF REPTILES BEYOND THIS GATE, THE GATE OF SANIT-DEUXNID, O BOUNTIFUL SAVIORS...
...AND YOU'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE FINDING THE BEAUTIFUL FRANCHE-GRELUSS. SHE LIVES IN A HUT WITH HER NAME OUT FRONT... AH, WHAT A PROUD, STRAPPING YOUNG WOMAN! YOU WILL INDEED BE SATISFIED...
HERE—TAKE THIS, BEGGAR KEEP BOTH IT AND YOUR TONGUE TO YOURSELF!
A FULL CARAT OF ARMANCE!
SNIFF.. SNIFF!...
WHAT IS IT, PYROKK! DO YOU SMELL SOMETHING INTERESTING?
FRANCHE-GRELUSS
WELL, HERE'S HER "HUT".
COME, LOOK AT THE INSIDES OF MY THIGHS—THEY'RE ALL COVERED WITH LITTLE AIR HOLES! IF YOU WANT TO TRY A REAL HUG, SOLDIER, TRY ME! ONCE YOU'VE HAD A REPTILE, YOU'LL NEVER FORGET IT.
I'M VERY PLEASED TO SEE ROBSON'S FRIENDS! COME IN, YOU HANDSOME BOY...
... AND CLOSE THE CURTAINS.
SO THAT OLD PIRATE IS STILL ALIVE! THAT'S GOOD NEWS INDEED. WE'VE HAD SOME FINE MOMENTS TOGETHER, BY ALL THAT'S MARVELOUS IN THIS CRAZY WORLD!
I JUST CAME FROM HIM...

HAVE YOU FOUND ONE?
I... SNIFF-SNIFF... THINK SO!
ONE WHO IS VERY YOUNG... AND VERY FRESH!
FRESH? ALL FRESH?... HERE?!?
YOU WANT INFORMATION ON THE MAN-DOGS? SURE. GIRLS WHO'VE HAD DEALINGS WITH THEM ARE NUMEROUS INDEED ON BOUSBBHYR...
HOW MUCH DOES IT COST?
THREE CARATS OF ARMANCE, LITTLE ONE, AND WELL WORTH IT! DO YOU HAVE THAT MUCH?
I WENT WITH THEM "ON BUSINESS", IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, ONCE A LONG TIME AGO... IN THOSE FEW DAYS I EARNED MORE THAN YOU CAN MAKE HERE IN TEN SEASONS! WHO COULD TURN DOWN SUCH A WINDFALL?
AND WHERE DID THEY TAKE YOU?
SHE CAME THIS WAY-I'M CERTAIN!
SOMEWHERE IN THE "FORBIDDEN PERIMETER", BUT I CAN'T BE ENTIRELY SURE WHERE, YOU LOVELY BOY...
WHAT DID YOU SEE THERE?
I DON'T KNOW. I'VE FORGOTTEN IT ALL! IT'S ALL GONE-AS IF I HAVE THIS ENORMOUS HOLE IN MY MEMORY! MY MEMORIES TAKE UP AGAIN WITH THE OLD MOLOSS WHO BROUGHT ME BACK AND GAVE ME A FULL SACK OF RUMERAUDES, AND THAT'S IT!
THEY WIPED YOUR MIND WITH A "BRAIN FLASH", THE BASTARDS! A DAMNED EFFICIENT MACHINE... I KNOW THE PURPLE GUARD'S METHODS ALL TOO WELL!
?!?
AXLE, THEY'RE HERE! THEY'VE— AXLE!

SHIT AND DAMN! TWO MOLOSSES— AND THEY'VE GOT MUSKY!
STAY! DON'T GO YET! LISTEN TO ME—!
Pf. 17. 3331.
GO ON, GO WITH THEM, LITTLE ONE! YOU'LL COME BACK FLOATING IN RUMERALIDES...
HEY, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GO, TELL THEM TO TAKE ME! I'D JUMP FOR THE CHANCE...
IT WON'T MATTER, BECAUSE AFTERWARDS YOU WON'T REMEMBER A THING!
MMMPH...
LISTEN TO ME, BEAUTIFUL BOY— DON'T LET YOURSELF GET MIXED UP WITH THEM. THEY ARE THE MASTERS HERE, AND THEY ARE EVERYWHERE. THEY CAN LEAVE YOU TORN TO SHREDS IN SOME BACK ALLEYWAY...
THANKS FOR CARING, BUT I'VE GOT TO GO NOW!
...AND NOBODY WILL ASK ANY QUESTIONS...
I KNEW THAT BRAT WOULD CAUSE ME MORE PROBLEMS!
I THINK I'LL PAY HIM BACK BY LETTING HIM STEW A LITTLE...
ATTENTION: ELECTRIC FENCE
WISE!
MMMPH!
...THAT'LL SERVE HIM RIGHT—AND IT MIGHT HELP ME!
20 OF 5



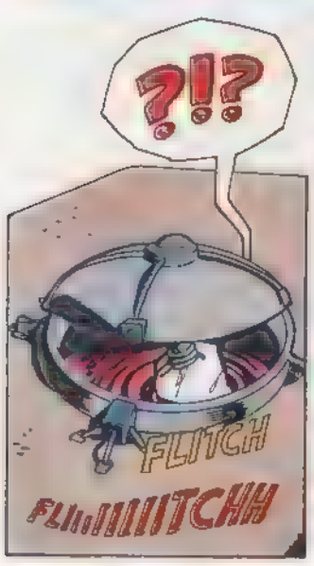

BY THE GUTS OF THE ALCHEMIST SUPREME! I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO GET MYSELF INSIDE THE ASTROPORT..
HO, ADELE, HOOO...

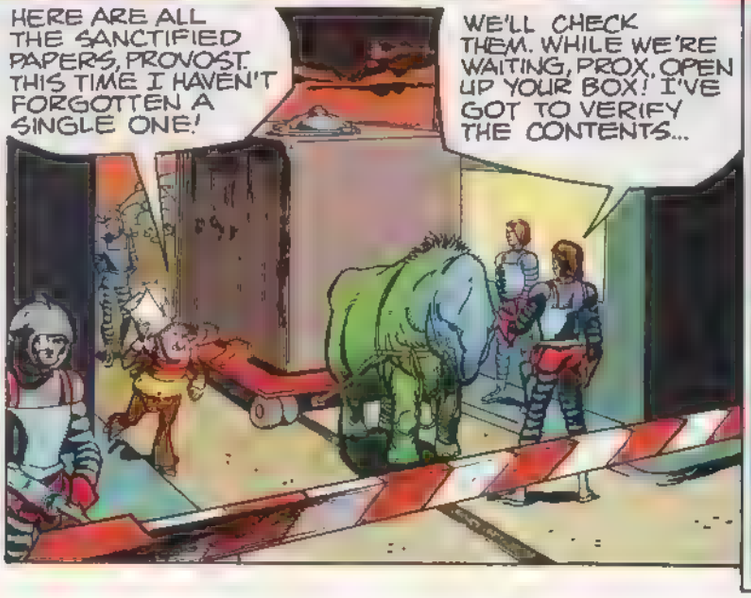

HI, PROX! YOU GOT SOME PAPERS ON THIS SHIPMENT?
WHAT A ZOMBIE I AM! I FORGOT AND LEFT THEM AT THE OFFICE. I'LL GET THEM— BE BACK IN FIVE MINUTES.

CAN'T YOU AT LEAST TELL ME WHY YOU'VE GRABBED ME?
STAY CALM OR YOU'LL GET ME WORKED UP!

I WONDER WHAT'S IN THERE... MUST BE SOMETHING VERY PRECIOUS AND FRAGILE... BUT IS IT DANGEROUS?

IT DOESN'T MATTER! I DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE..

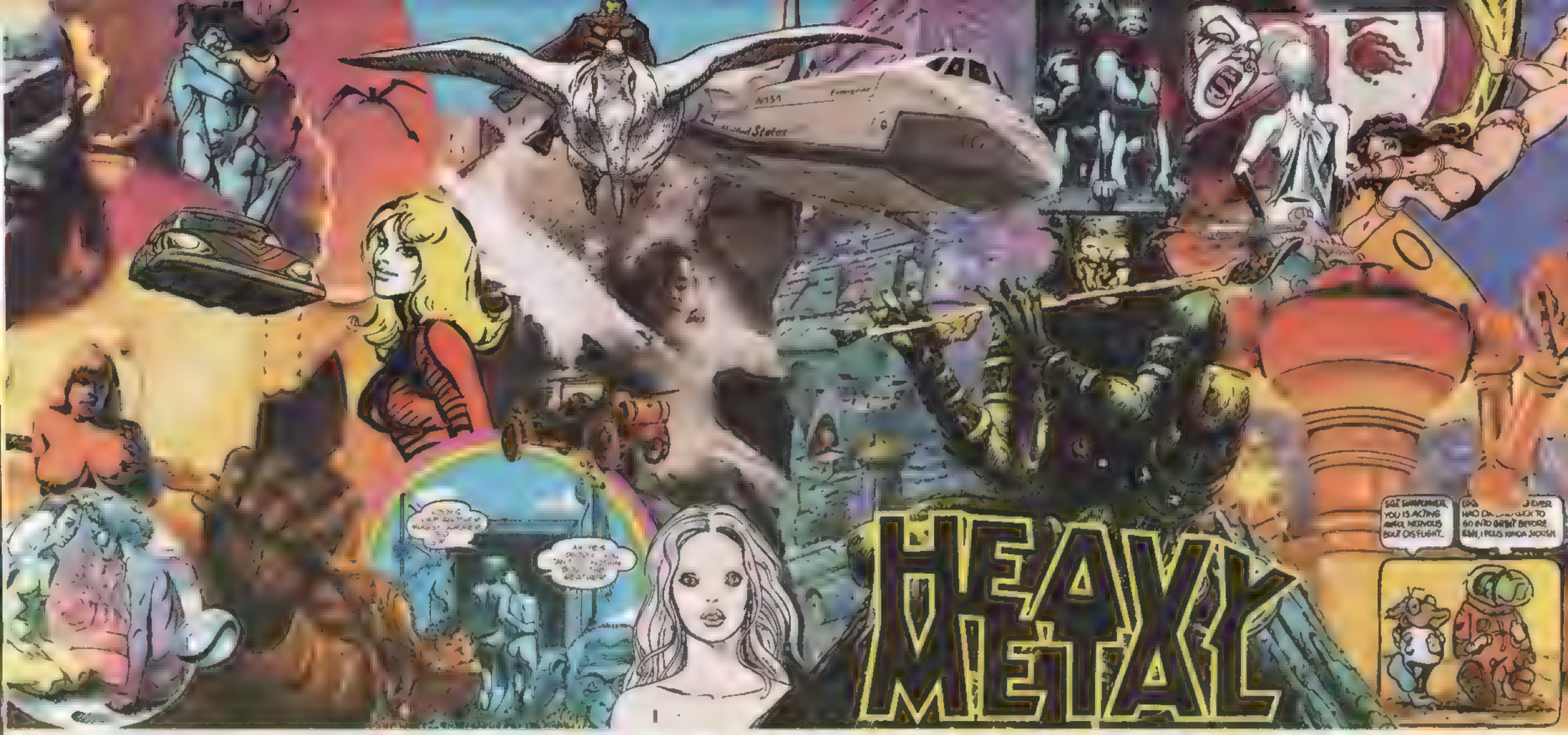

?!?
FLITCH
FLIIIIIITCHH


HERE ARE ALL THE SANCTIFIED PAPERS, PROVOST. THIS TIME I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN A SINGLE ONE!
WE'LL CHECK THEM. WHILE WE'RE WAITING, PROX, OPEN UP YOUR BOX! I'VE GOT TO VERIFY THE CONTENTS...

OPEN MY. DON'T EVEN THINK IT, PROVOST! THERE! VERIFY ITS PAPERS— IT'S A MATRICYALE!!!
24/5

..AND EVERYONE KNOWS THAT MATRICYALES ARE HURT BY THE LIGHT..
MATRI-CYALE OR NO MATRI-CYALE, I HAVE MY ORDERS, POP!
HEY, YOU OVER THERE— COME HERE!
ALL RIGHT, THEN! BUT I'M WARNING YOU—SHE'LL REACH THE "UPABOVE" MUCH WEAKENED! YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY AND SIGN A RELEASE! I'M NOT GOING TO PUT MYSELF ON THE LINE WITH YOUR FRIENDS THE MOLOSSES!
"MUCH WEAKENED.." MUCH WEAKENED INDEED! WHAT WOULD SHE BE LIKE IF SHE WASN'T MUCH WEAKENED..
OKAY, OKAY! GO ON AHEAD, PROX YOU AND YOUR EASY WOMEN! WE'RE ALREADY RUNNING BEHIND SCHEDULE!
SHE MUST BE STOWED UP ON TOP .AND SHE HATES JOLTS...
ENOUGH, PROX!
THE CARGO IS ALL ON BOARD! WE'RE READY! OKAY, YOU WHORE-LOVERS, EVACUATE THE AREA!
WRRRR
BRRRR
SO LONG, PACK.
SOUFFT
22/5

TO BE CONTINUED...




# COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

**#1/APRIL, 1977:** *The* Collector s Edition, with the debut of Moebius's "Arzach Corben s Den," Bodé s Sunpot " and more ($5 00)

**#2/MAY, 1977:** Russian astronauts, Roger the paranoid puppet, "Conquering Armies " the ultimate rock festival, and more ($4 00)

**#3/JUNE, 1977:** Macedo s Rockblitz," the highly praised "Shells " the beginning of Davis's "World Apart " Moebius, Corben Bodé, more ($3 00)

**#4/JULY, 1977:** Lots of Moebius Azarch," plus part one of "The Long Tomorrow," also the final installment of "Sunpot " ($3.00)

**#5/AUGUST, 1977:** The saga of Polonius begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes and "The World Apart ' and "Den" continue ($3 00)

**#6/SEPTEMBER, 1977:** Roger Zelazny has a short story Moebius a space opera, plus more "World Apart " "Den," and "Polonius " ($3 00)

**#7/OCTOBER, 1977:** Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius s "Airtight Garage Den" and "Polonius" *redux*, yet more ($3 00)

**#8/NOVEMBER, 1977:** New Harlan Ellison fiction nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud conclusions for Polonius and World Apart," ($3.00)

**#9/DECEMBER, 1977:** Extra pages for the complete Vuzz by Druillet 'For tune's Fool" by Chaykin and Wein plus ful -color contributions form Corben Macedo Gaveloux, and Moebius ($3 00)

**#10/JANUARY, 1978:** Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*. "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues ($3 00)

**#11/FEBRUARY, 1978:** New adventures of Barbarella, wraparound cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius, Corben, et al ($3 00)

**#12/MARCH, 1978:** Swashbuckling 'Onion" makes a debut, courtesy of Gray Morrow, and there s more Barbarella," more 'Urm, ' and yet more "Den " ($3 00)

**#13/APRIL, 1978:** Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from Paradise 9, and Barbarella gives birth, while Den wraps it up. ($3.00)

**#14/MAY, 1978:** "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Onon" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat. ($3.00)

**#15/JUNE, 1978:** Corben introduces Shahrazad, Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman." ($3.00)

**#16/JULY, 1978:** A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," the resumption of Druillet's "Gail," yet more "Heilman," "Onon," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights." ($3.00)

**#17/AUGUST, 1978:** Sorry—SOLD OUT!

**#18/SEPTEMBER, 1978:** Corben's "Sindbad," Moebius's "Major," "Heilman," "Onon," "Lone Sloane on Gail," and Harlan Ellison too. ($3.00)

**#19/OCTOBER, 1978:** "Exterminator 17." Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," the debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus the usual. ($3.00)

**#20/NOVEMBER, 1978:** Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, Heilman's final rebirth, more. ($3.00)

**#21/DECEMBER, 1978:** The stocking's full with "Onon," Kirchner's "Tarot," and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius. ($3.00)

**#22/JANUARY, 1979:** Trina makes her debut here, and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben. How much can you take? ($3.00)

**#23/FEBRUARY, 1979:** "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo. ($3.00)

**#24/MARCH, 1979:** Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show. ($3.00)

**#25/APRIL, 1979:** Our second birthday bash, with Chaykin's "Gideon Faust," and Alien" portfolio, Val Mayerik's "Time Out," more. ($3.00)

**#26/MAY, 1979:** It's all-American (except for Druillet's "Disco" and a Proust joke) fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien." ($3.00)

**#27/JUNE, 1979:** Fifty-four pages of "Captain Future," plus more illustrated "Alien," and the final episode of "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." ($3.00)

**#28/JULY, 1979:** Bodé's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts. ($3.00)

**#29/AUGUST, 1979:** Caza steals the show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bode, more. ($3.00)

**#30/SEPTEMBER, 1979:** "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named Elvis, and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius. ($3.00)

**#31/OCTOBER, 1979:** Halloween strikes with a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Druillet, Suydam, others. ($3.00)

**#32/NOVEMBER, 1979:** Let us give thanks for Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more. ($3.00)

**#33/DECEMBER, 1979:** A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants." ($3.00)

**#34/JANUARY, 1980:** A new year—*a new decade*—begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, the conclusion of Corben's "Rowlf," and much more! ($3.00)

**#35/FEBRUARY, 1980:** An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie Experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip. ($3.00)

**#36/MARCH, 1980:** Why did The Crevasse take Jeannette? For the answer read the Schuiten Bros. strip! Plus Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations." ($3.00)

**#37/APRIL, 1980:** Our Third Anniversary issue — 32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, the final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bode—and *more*! ($3.00)

**#38/MAY, 1980:** Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will Champakou reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the Alien Marilyn, too? Take a look. We'll never tell. ($3.00)

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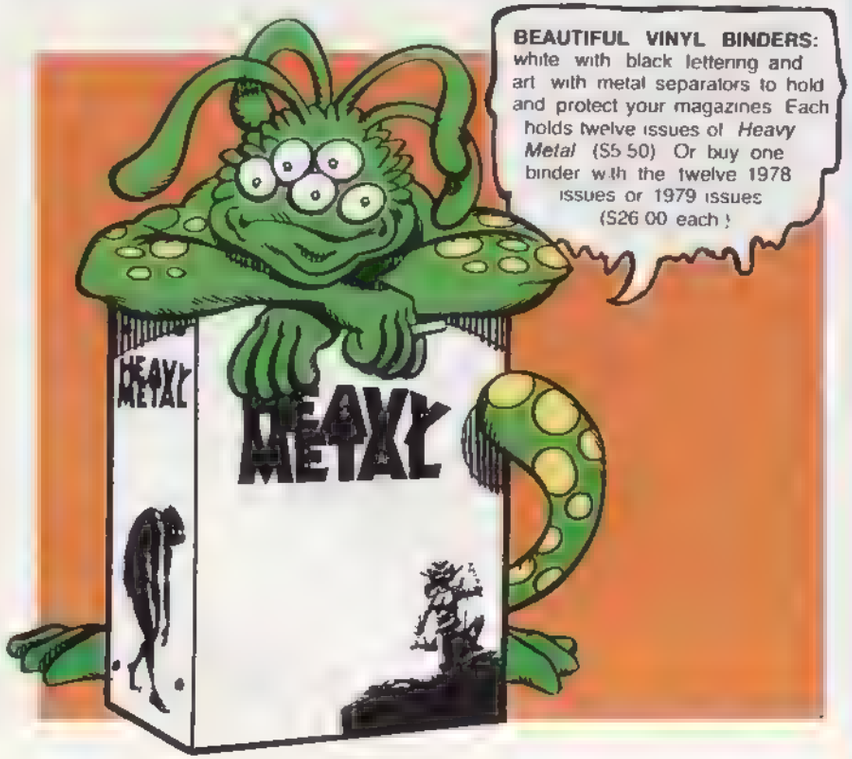
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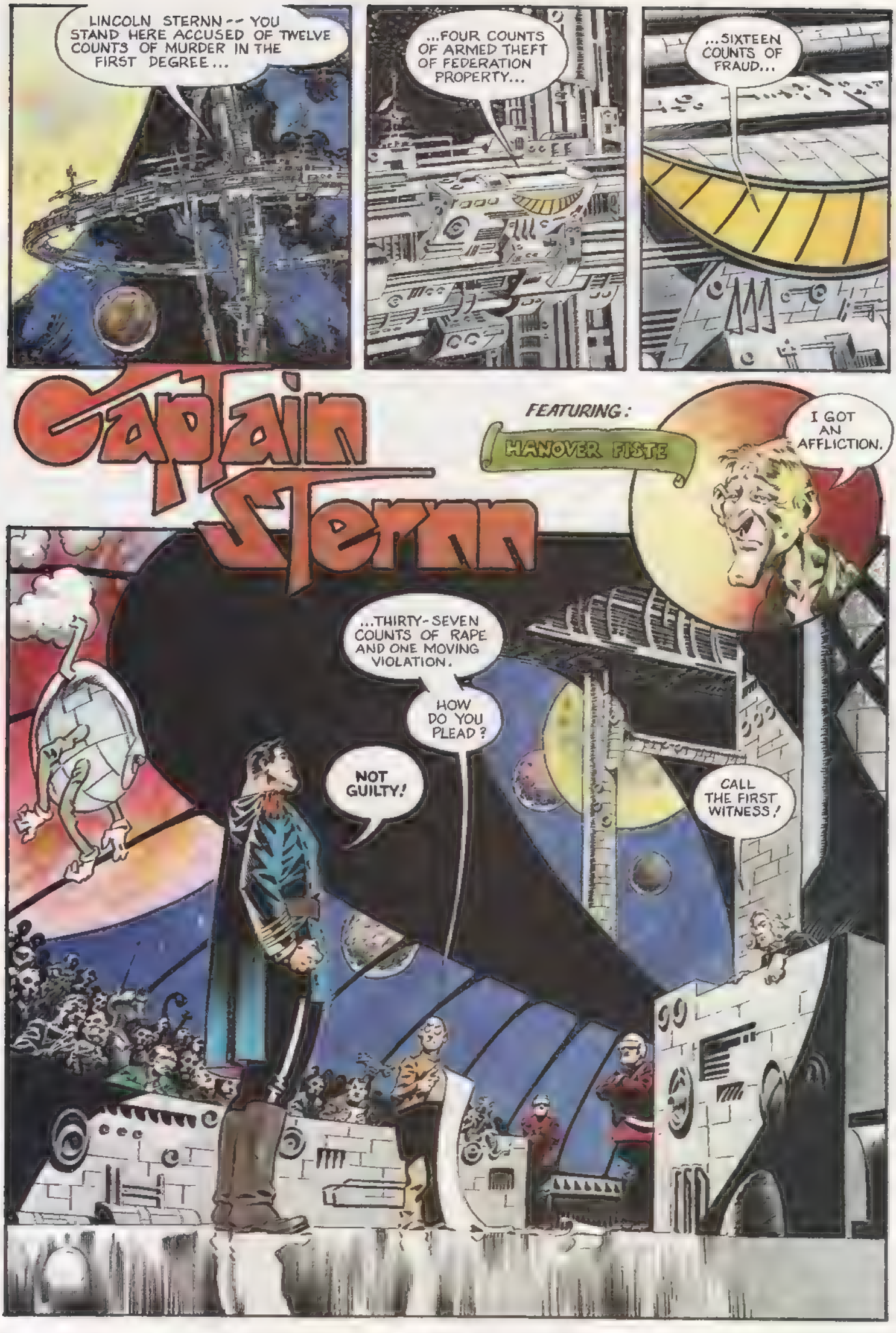

LINCOLN STERNN -- YOU STAND HERE ACCUSED OF TWELVE COUNTS OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE...
...FOUR COUNTS OF ARMED THEFT OF FEDERATION PROPERTY...
...SIXTEEN COUNTS OF FRAUD...
Captain Sternn
FEATURING:
HANOVER FISTE
I GOT AN AFFLICTION.
...THIRTY-SEVEN COUNTS OF RAPE AND ONE MOVING VIOLATION.
HOW DO YOU PLEAD?
NOT GUILTY!
CALL THE FIRST WITNESS!

NOT GUILTY ?!
STERNN, ARE YOU NUTS ?!
NO! I GOT AN ANGLE!
TH' PROSECUTION'S GOTCHA COLD!! YER AS GUILTY AS A CAT IN A GOLDFISH BOWL!!
CALLING HANOVER FISTE!
HANOVER FISTE!
HANOVER FISTE!
HANOVER FISTE!
LISSEN STERNN... CHANGE TH' PLEA TA GUILTY...
NO! I GOT AN ANGLE!
'TROW YER-SELF ONNA MERCY OF TH' COURT!
...AN' NOTHIN' BUT THE TRUTH, SO HELP YAGOD ?
I DO!
TH' MOST WE CAN HOPE FOR IS TA GET YA BURIED IN SECRECY SO YER GRAVE DON'T GET VIOLATED!!
SHUT UP, CHOLLY...
...I GOT...
AN ANGLE !!
WHAT ANGLE ?!
PLEASE STATE YOUR NAME FOR THE RECORD.
I AM HANOVER FISTE!
HIM!

I PROMISED HIM THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND CREDITS TO TESTIFY IN MY BEHALF.
YOU KNOW THE DEFENDANT--CAPTAIN STERNN?
YES, I KNOW CAPTAIN STERNN. NEVER DID THERE LIVE A KINDER MAN. HE IS AN OVERFLOWING CUP FILLED WITH THE VERY CREAM OF HUMAN GOODNESS.
SEE?
IN ALL THE TIME I'VE KNOWN HIM, HE'S NEVER DONE ANYTHING IMMORAL...
...EXCEPT MAYBE THE PRE-SCHOOLER'S PROSTITUTE RING...
...UH...
...UM...HE--HE'S NEVER DONE ANYTHING ILLEGAL...
...UNLESS YOU COUNT ALL THE TIMES HE'S SOLD DOPE DISGUISED AS A NUN!!
...HE--HE'S ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD, LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN...
AW, GIMME A BREAK!!
...OF THE UNITED FEDERATION AND...
SHUT UP!!
STERNN!
HE'S BEEN NOTHIN' BUT A LOW, DOUBLE-DEALIN', BACK-STABBIN' LARCENOUS WORM ALL HIS LIFE!!

HANGIN'S TOO GOOD FOR HIM !!!
HE SHOULD BE TORN INTO LITTLE BITTY PIECES !!
...HE... SHOULD... HE...HE... ARRRGH!
KILL!
THUNCH!
N-NOW, TAKE IT EASY, HANOVER... I'M SURE WE CAN TALK THIS O--

....VERRRRRRRRRRR
SA-MASH
SPANG!
SLAM!
WRENCH!

KLUNK!
THUMP
CREEEE
THAK!!
SPLIT
SPLINTER
CRASH!
BEND
CRASH
GLANG
GUNCH
BONG
TINK!
SPUNCH!
CRUSH
THWAPP
TONNG!
STRAIN
TWIST
BAM
MASH

BOOM
CLIK--PLEASE TO REMOVE SELF FROM LINE OF FIRE CLIK--CLIK--
THENKEW! -CLIK--
-CLIK--HALT IN THE -CLIK--
BLAM!
POW!
-NAME OF THE FEDERATION -- CLIK--
BA-DAM
PEOWW!
THENKEW! -CLIK--
SKR!
UUNNCH!
CLIK--VIOLATION OF CODE 103-N-17-PARAGRAPH A-64 - CLIK--
UNAUTHORIZED CONSUMPTION -CLIK--
CHOMP
NUM NUM
-OF FEDERATION PROPERTY-CLIK--
GA-UMP
-CLIK--PLEASE TO COME-CLIK--QUIETLY--
BURP!
-CLIK--THENK--
KA-CHUNG!

QUICK! IN HERE!
NOW THIS WAY!
WHEW! WE LOST HIM!
BOOOOM
BOOOOOOOM

BOO
BOOM
BOOM
OKAY, YOU'VE HAD THIS COMING!
...THIRTY-THREE, THIRTY-FOUR...
THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND CREDITS...
THANKS, HANOVER!
S'NOTHIN'
END

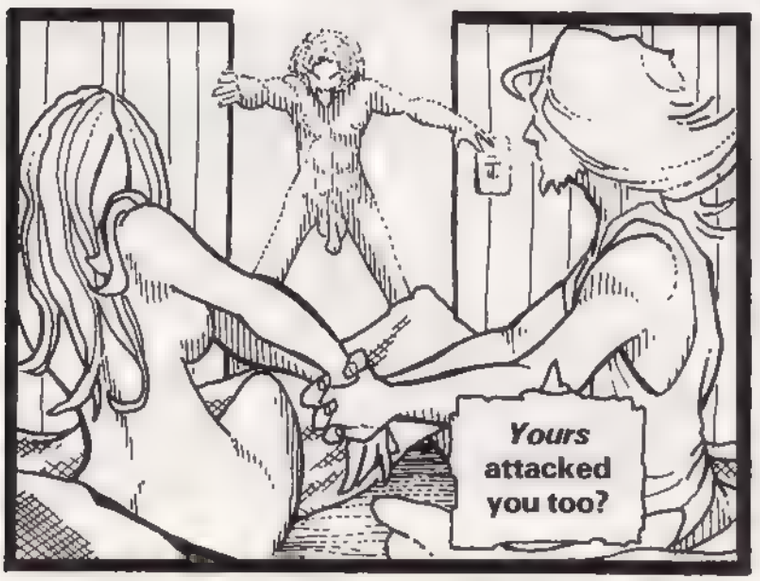
# Pillow Kill

Wake up, lover . . . .
uuuhhnn . . . .

*Swell*—Raisin works for Boche!
No, *I* do. There's a sizable bounty of *groszy pols* on your head, you know.

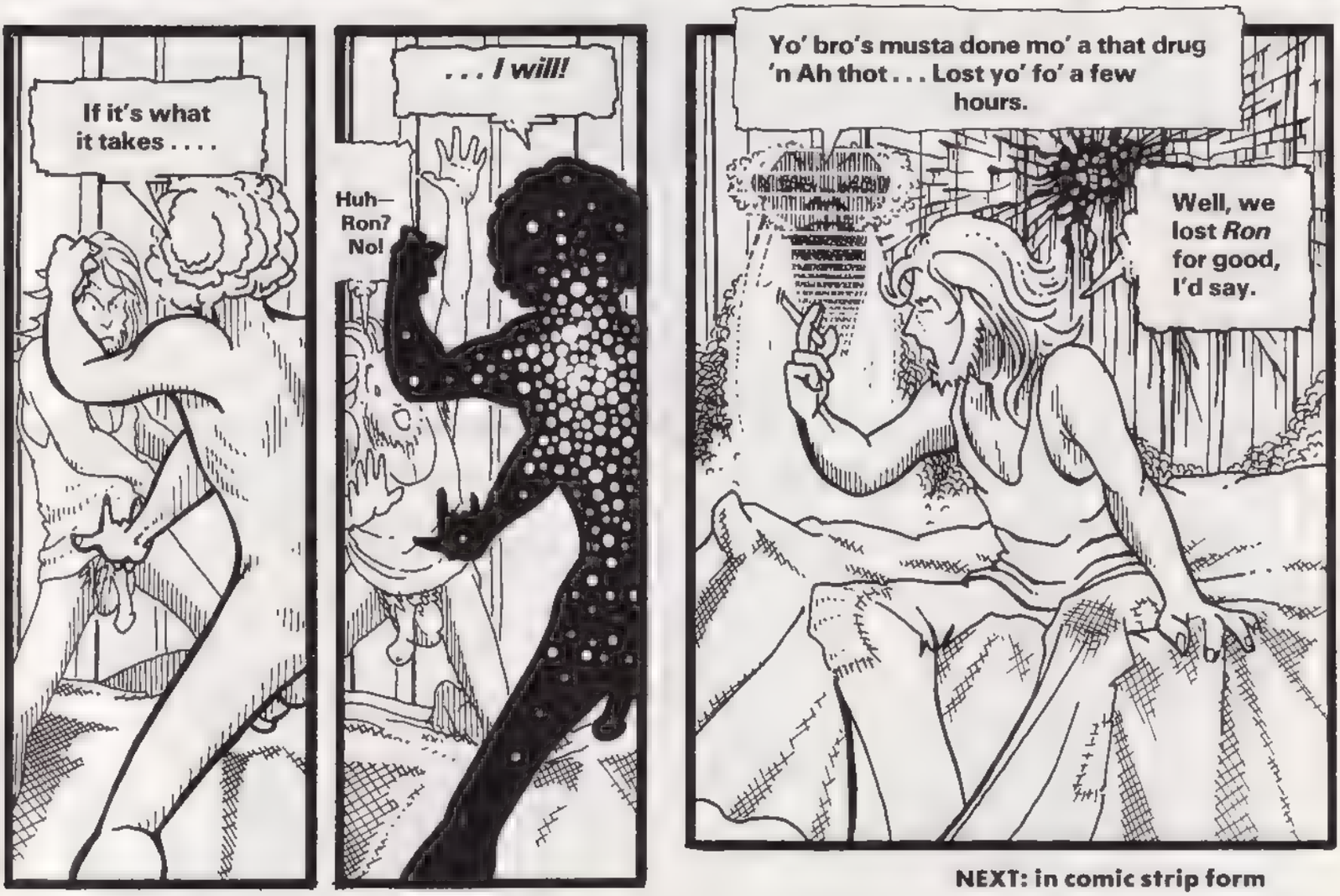
The lights!
BLAM

I see yours is full of healthy fun too. Good, good!
Bite, hurt!
Wait, look —what?

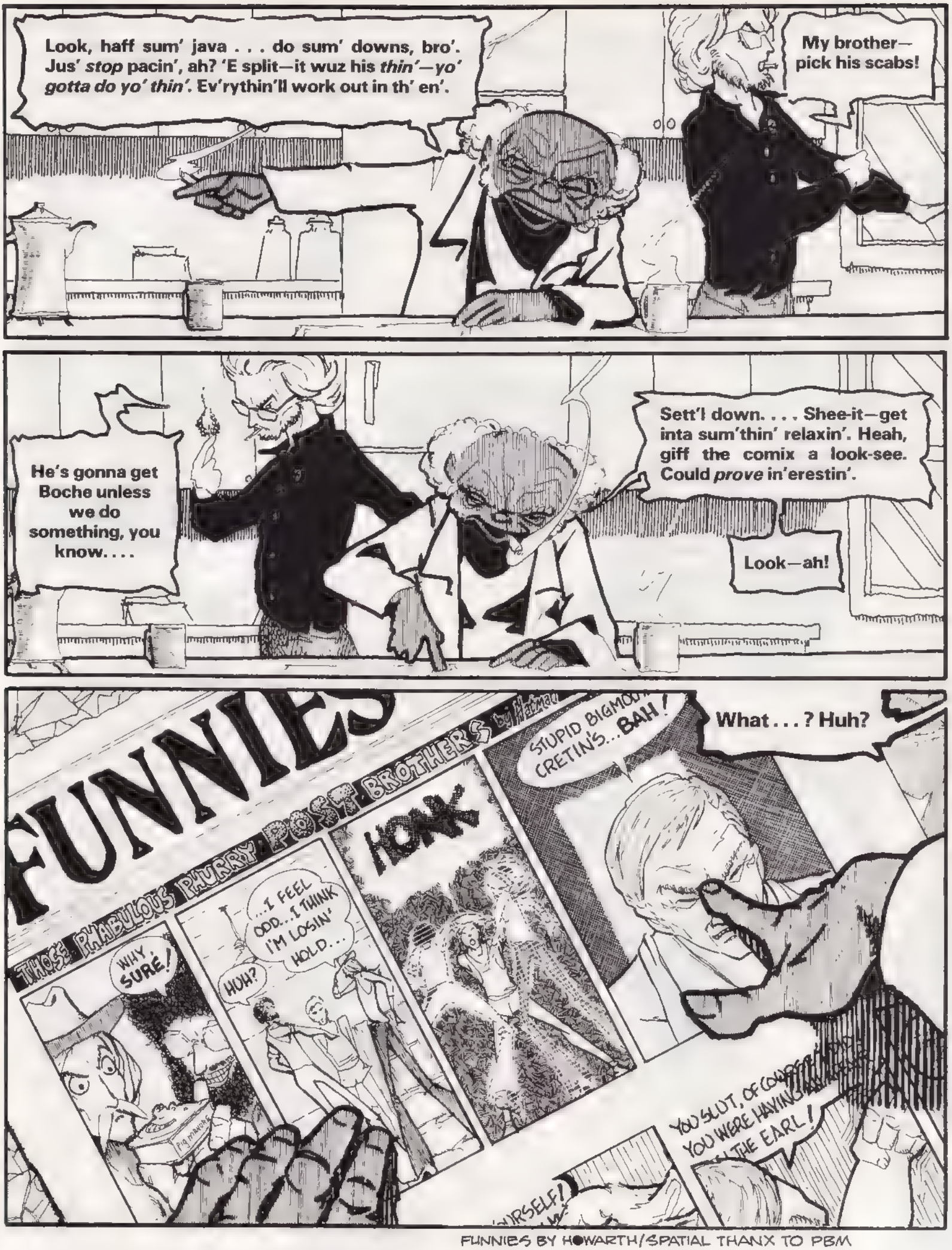

*Yours* attacked you too?

Russ, yer beginnin' to lose it . . . .

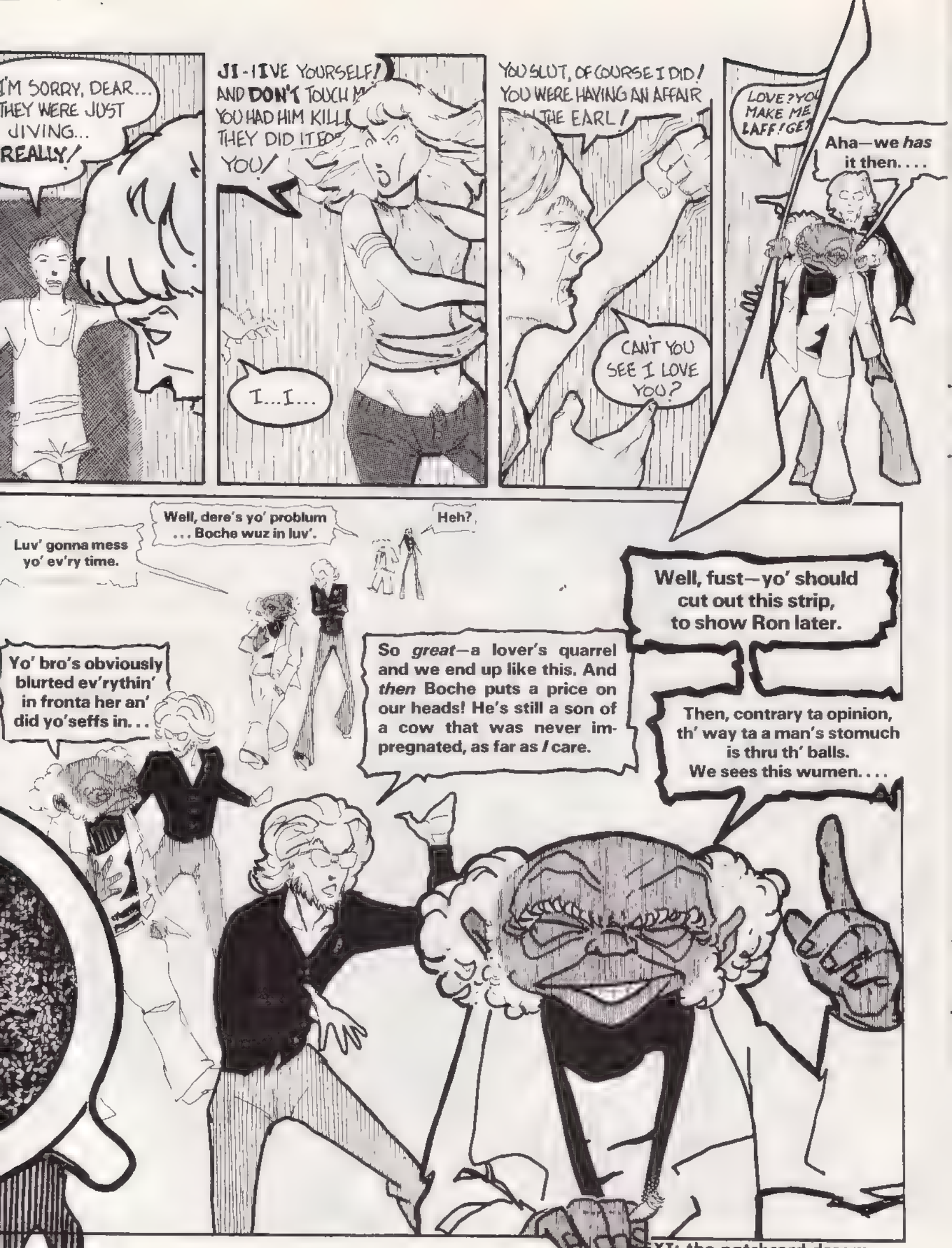
I took care of *mine* with a coat hanger!
THROW
What were *you* gonna do, little brother? Slap her dainty wrists?
HIT
SMEAR
DRIP
You've become a *simpering pantywaist*! You can't stop killers with logic, and *you* know it!
And you can't coat hanger everyone you don't like!


If it's what it takes . . . .
. . . I will!
Huh— Ron? No!
Yo' bro's musta done mo' a that drug 'n Ah thot . . . Lost yo' fo' a few hours.
Well, we lost *Ron* for good, I'd say.

**NEXT: in comic strip form**


Look, haff sum' java . . . do sum' downs, bro'. Jus' *stop* pacin', ah? 'E split—it wuz his *thin'*—*yo' gotta do yo' thin'*. Ev'rythin'll work out in th' en'.
My brother—pick his scabs!
He's gonna get Boche unless we do something, you know. . . .
Sett'l down. . . . Shee-it—get inta sum'thin' relaxin'. Heah, giff the comix a look-see. Could *prove* in'erestin'.
Look—ah!
FUNNIES
THOSE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS
WHY, SURE!
...I FEEL ODD... I THINK I'M LOSIN' HOLD...
HUH?
HONK
STUPID BIGMOUTH CRETIN'S... BAH!
What . . . ? Huh?
YOU SLUT, OF COURSE YOU WERE HAVING
THE EARL!

FUNNIES BY HOWARTH/SPATIAL THANX TO PBM


I'M SORRY, DEAR... THEY WERE JUST JIVING... REALLY!
JI-IVE YOURSELF! AND DON'T TOUCH M... YOU HAD HIM KILL... THEY DID IT TO... YOU!
I...I...
YOU SLUT, OF COURSE I DID! YOU WERE HAVING AN AFFAIR ...THE EARL!
CAN'T YOU SEE I LOVE YOU?
LOVE? YOU MAKE ME LAFF! GE...
Aha—we has it then....
Well, dere's yo' problum ... Boche wuz in luv'.
Heh?
Luv' gonna mess yo' ev'ry time.
Well, fust—yo' should cut out this strip, to show Ron later.
So great—a lover's quarrel and we end up like this. And then Boche puts a price on our heads! He's still a son of a cow that was never impregnated, as far as I care.
Yo' bro's obviously blurted ev'rythin' in fronta her an' did yo'seffs in...
Then, contrary ta opinion, th' way ta a man's stomuch is thru th' balls. We sees this wumen....

NEXT: the patchcord dream

SYMPATHY FOR

# the BULLDAGGERS

Matt Howarth

are
MONSIEUR BOCHE
CAROLINE
SAVAGE HENRY

## The club with only three members

Somewhere in Bugtown proper; maybe the Cold Front house, maybe not

Reel two of the Daggers' film, *Being There First* Boy, am I high!

This portion of the film predates Savage Henry's unfortunate accident on the volcano's rim. You know the one — on the Babaluma level — right That place is a wicked tension point only a lunatic would try to reality shift from a tension point, Bobbie. I suspect he'll spend the next four months doing a savage run in his escape vehicle, the *Narc-Fish*, down the main framework's fluxline.

Not a bad edit job — you say you directed it, Hiroshima? And yes, it sure is a shame about Henry — I gather this'll hold up the Bulldaggers' next LP

MIKE'S MASSIVE RECORD COLLECTION PART 42

BEE BOP

Ain't gonna be no new album ....

But he plays guitar with gloves on, Mike

So, Max?

Oh, he's gone and burned Ron and Russ — an awfully bad pair if you ask me, to choose as enemies. And just when I'd finally been able to talk him into letting you fill in for Henry on guitar Roger. Oh — that man can be so irritating, why does he do these things? I just know that bitch he's taken a fancy to has something to do with all this

It looks like Boche is playing *death wish* again, this time in national distribution.

Toke

G N

Calm down, Caroline. Wow, am I blasted Here, have a hit

THE BULLDAGGERS PRESENT THE VINYL SOLUTION

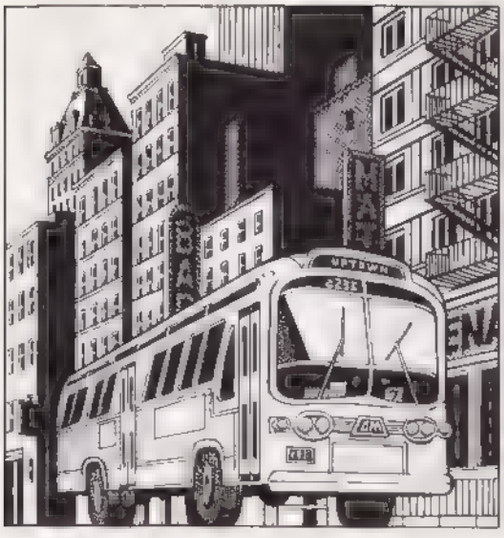
HEAVY METAL

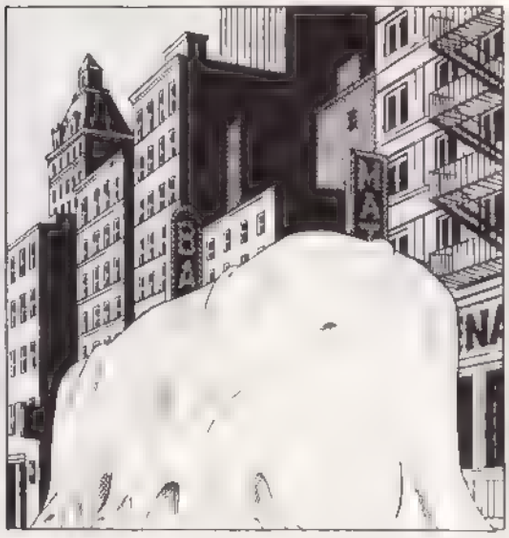
Oh — and if I know him, more than likely he'll run off somewhere with another Caroline and get the *Let It Just Die* album together in hiding
He'll work it out, Caroline. He's a sneaky little shit — he'll fast talk his way out of it, you'll see.
THE BULLDAGGERS
THE ILLEGAL BEATS TOUR VOLUME 2
I don't know about that
BEE BOP
Max, are the Post brothers going to get Boche?
Sorry, ma'am, Ed's classified that information. Wanna try for the capital of Berlin?
DAZZLE
BEE BOP GIRLS
It's a trick question. The correct answer is the letter B
Good film — Christ am I wasted!!
Great dope, Scot, wow!
Thanks, I synthesized it myself
Who is this Howarth anyway? How's he know about all this anyway?

**NEXT: success in the real world without a drummer**

# the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©





## SF by Steve Brown

continued from page 32

center). This is a clever problem, and Niven deals with it in clever ways, but it is an external problem, mechanical and inhuman Louis Wu has extreme reactions to withdrawal, but his problems and solutions are only those of a man solving a puzzle and not those of a hagridden addict confronting the interior terrors that made him reach for the wire in the first place. Niven's attempts at making Louis emote descend, at times, into ludicrous hyperbole: "depression like a cliff of black jelly suffocated him."

The basic problem for *The Ringworld Engineers*'s plucky band of heroes is appropriately grandiose. The Ringworld is off-center and will impact its sun in a year or so. Louis Wu and his cohorts must find the Repair Center, where the Ringworld's maintenance and control systems are located, and puzzle out a solution. This they do in fine mega-style. Along the way the reader is shown a potpourri of marvels with metronomic regularity. Yet no passion ever surfaces

In an apparent effort to end the book on a note of high emotional drama, Niven must have decided that more is better. The solution to the Ringworld's instability involves the deaths of a trillion and a half thinking beings, necessary to save the remaining thirty trillion inhabitants. The decision to implement this, intended to give Louis Wu something serious to agonize over, is preordained. There is no other solution, thus Wu's feelings and desires are irrelevant. Wu feels guilt, but the deaths are too vast for him (or Niven) to deal with. The solution is as inevitable, and as emotionally effecting, as the result of an equation, leading to an emotional high point that is unintentionally hilarious: "Louis spread his arms, helpless, 'I'm sorry.'" Louis, and Niven, remain mere observers of events

To cover his dramatic failings, Niven must come up with something new in every story In repeating his *Ringworld* landscape, he has freed the familiar reader to take a closer look at the content of his fiction. As that content consists solely of a trivial grouping of clever ideas, *The Ringworld Engineers* was a mistake on the author's part; it should never have been written The book is a lot of fun, superficially, but the operative comment comes from Niven himself: "Louis felt that he was on some tremendous toy." A toy this book is, an intricate and sometimes lovely one, but a toy and nothing more.

Niven is no longer alone in working the hard SF strip mine. There are new writers, writers like Charles Sheffield and John Varley, writers who are Niven's equal in conceptual depth and imaginative breadth, but writers who are focusing their attention on their characters' feelings. In Varley's stories, people fart, get irrationally angry, fall in love with unlikely people, and spend an inordinate amount of time on their personal problems. If Niven had a touch of the writer's necessary ability to make his characters bleed, he would create the kind of outstanding SF that Varley is beginning to write. As it is, he is in danger of being left behind on the playground with his erector set while others are building bridges.

One long August afternoon in 1958, a ten-year-old boy escaped into an attic, running from boredom. There he found a treasure disguised as stacks of old cardboard boxes To his eyes, the piles of SF magazines inside the boxes were tickets to a thousand fascinating destinations. The boys grew up with a permanent soft spot for the short story, those tiny mininovels that could give him an entire new world in just fifteen minutes.

Today the short story lives in the pages of hundreds of small literary magazines with circulations numbering in the dozens or (less often) the hundreds. Very few large circulation magazines publish much short fiction. The *New Yorker* will run the odd piece of narcissistic prose; the soft-core skin slicks print a handful every month; there are a few small mystery magazines; some of the best short fiction can be found in *Redbook* or *McCall's*. Otherwise, the short story is virtually dead as a literary form for mass readership. The publishing industry has been concentrating on the lucrative novel.

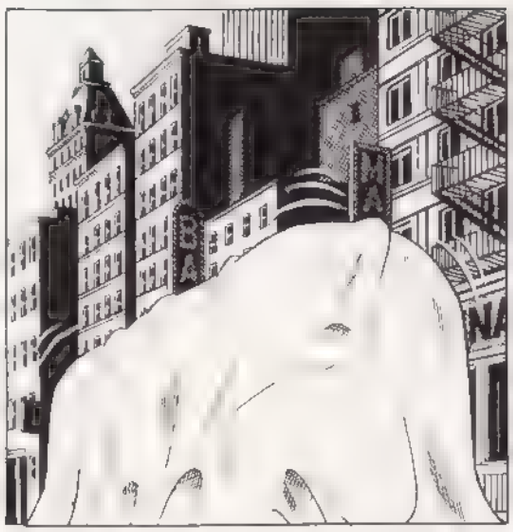
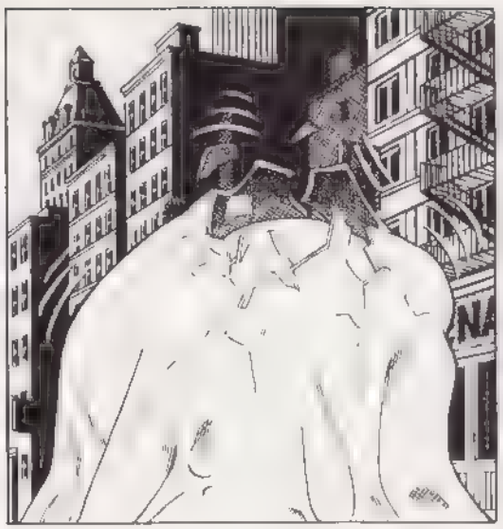
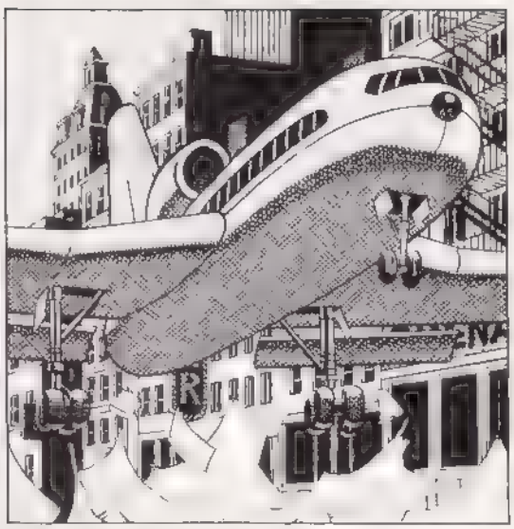
But in the pages of the SF magazines, the short story proliferates. SF anthologies and "Best of..." collections are breeding on editors' desks like coat hangers. Some magazines (*Omni* and *Destinies*) are paying rates high enough to seduce top SF writers away from novels and back into short fiction. This is typical of a genre that seems to wax and wane at its own rate, independent of the rest of the fiction industry

One phenomenon unique to SF is the original anthology, a book of short stories not previously published. Another is the theme anthology, a collection of stories grouped together by a common idea. These range from the sublime—Joe Haldeman's *Study War No More*, a powerful collection of SF war stories that, in aggregate, would make the most committed hawk flee to Canada —to the ridiculous: *The Future in Question*, a recent collection of stories all of whose titles are questions: "Who Goes There?" "Houston, Houston, Do You Read?," etc

Ursula Le Guin and Virginia Kidd have combined the theme anthology and the original anthology into *Interfaces*. It took a lot of willpower to force myself past a hideously garish cover that turns the title into a bad pun —fractured crystals containing faces with expressions of pained boredom, apparently due to their role as "interfaces."

In the introduction, Kidd and Le Guin insist that there is no unifying theme, and that the stories are "linked in nothing but their newness." I call it a theme anthology because I found a definite Le Guin stamp on each piece, from John Crowley's quiet vignette "The Reason for the Visit," about a modern time-machine owner who has brought Virginia Woolf into his living room for tea and a chat, to Jill Paton Walsh's powerful four-pager "Set Piece," which in its expository style, ambiguous ending, and rich medieval descriptions directly recalls Le Guin's seminal "The Ones Who Walk Away from the Omelas."

Le Guin's major concerns, both as a writer and as an editor, seem to be clear and evocative prose and a strong mood well-conveyed. Only then does actual story become important. By my count, only six of the sixteen stories in *Interfaces* are true

stories. The rest are vignettes, mood pieces with no resolved conflict or any real plotting. This is a difficult thing to do well, as it usually leaves the reader feeling cheated. Few of these stories can be faulted for their writing, yet few of them succeed. The stiff cover price ($5.95 for a paperback) will leave the reader feeling more than cheated.

The most negligible story in the book is by Vonda McIntyre, the winner of last year's Best Novel Hugo Award. Her "Shadows, Moving" is a dull, rambling nonstory about old folks in the desert.

Philippa C. Maddern's "The Pastseer" is very well written and does a sensitive job in the portrayal of a nomadic people following the vision of their tribal seer, but just as the story begins to develop conflict, it ends with no resolution.

"Hunger and the Computer" by Gary Weimberg contains some excellent prose and the kernel of an interesting story: a man alone in a spaceship with a computer after all the food has run out. But it ends where it began: no resolution; total stasis.

There is a variety of nonstory that owes its *raison d'être* to surrealism: an impossible being or event set in a mundane world. Such is "For Whom are Those Serpents Whistling Overhead?" by Jean Femling. This is the story of a modern housewife's encounter with a living sphinx. The fantasy of the animal is nicely contrasted with the commonplace setting, but there is no true ending, the inexplicable brutality of the final two paragraphs notwithstanding.

Surrealism is also the theme of Hilary Bailey's "Everything Blowing Up: An Adventure of Una Persson, Heroine of Time and Space," a tale of a woman wandering through a series of barely connected nonevents. This story is a pointless paper waster, except possibly to fans of Michael Moorcock's peculiar mythos (source of many of the situations and of Una herself): pure quill inbred New Worldism.

Two of the vignettes are excellent. Michael Bishop's "A Short History of the Bicycle: 401 B.C. to 2677 A.D." is a hilarious piece written as a scholarly study by a scientist alone on a planet populated by organic bicycles that live as herd beasts. The other is "A Criminal Proceeding" by Gene Wolfe, which burlesques the court process to wonderfully ludicrous extremes. Humor is one of the few viable substitutes for story.

Most of the remaining stories are, in fact, stories. They have endings with logical progressions leading up to them. They are a refreshing change from the bits and fragments littering the rest of the book.

Unfortunately, the existence of a satisfactory conclusion doesn't help Avram Davidson's and Grania Davis's "The New Zombies," a trivial story about evil mystics robbing Berkeley hippies of their "juvenescent hormones," thus transforming them into —you guessed it. In these times of accelerating nostalgia, the story reads like a quaint period piece. I expected more from a story in which the eclectic Davidson had a hand.

The remaining five stories finally begin to give the reader his money's worth. Robert Holdstock contributes a thoughtful and impeccably researched story of a time traveler's relationship with a society of mound builders three thousand years ago. "Earth and Stone" is interesting to read and leaves the reader with much to contemplate regarding humanity's relationship with the earth. The fantasy elements at the end detract nothing from the precision realism of the rest of the story but add to the story's impact.

"Bender, Fenugreek, Slatterman and Mupp" by D.G. Compton is a horrifying picture of a machined and programmed society and the unresolvable personal dilemmas thus created. The story is marred only by the familiarity of the subject, as there are a vast number of similar stories.

The always excellent Edward Bryant demonstrates the difficult art of fashioning surrealism into a workable, effective story. "Precession" concerns a man clinging desperately to routine in an insane universe filled with subtly shifting wrongdoing and strange changes that stitch in and out of reality's fabric. It is a profoundly unsettling story that will stay with you.

That most often misused of literary compliments, a tour de force (Webster: tour de force: "a feat requiring unusual skills"), can honestly be applied to "The Summer Sweet, The Winter Wild" by Michael G. Coney. Coney has told his story from the point of view of a herd of caribou: not one caribou, but the gestalt consciousness of the entire herd. The outrageousness of the premise enhances a quiet and melancholy tale of two humans surviving a dying world in the Canadian wilderness.

The final story in the book is a brilliant evocation of the mothering instinct by the amazing James Tiptree, Jr./Alice Sheldon. "Slow Music" takes Coney's lone survivor theme into very different realms. Tiptree's reason for the disappearance of the human race is not disaster but a quasi-mystical choice that gives the ambiguous ending implications that can be argued for hours. The relationship between a man, Jakko, and a woman, Peachthief, who have had little or no contact with the opposite sex, explores mothering and its influences on desire in perfect microcosm. Tiptree's prose crackles with power and beauty—two difficult qualities to fuse. This story will inevitably end up on next year's awards ballots and is a superb return to the field by a writer who has been silent for several years.

It took an exceptional writer to rise above the prejudices of the two editors: Le Guin's emphasis on mood and effect, and Kidd's complementary bias toward stories that cast off such traditional constraints as progression and plot development (Kidd was an influential editor during the experimentation in the sixties referred to at the beginning of this column). The three or four good stories in this book will, no doubt, end up in other collections eventually. As for the rest of the book, it is only recommended for those with a fascination for the thinking processes of the editors.

*The Ringworld Engineers*, by Larry Niven. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, March 1980. $9.95

*Interfaces*, edited by Virginia Kidd and Ursula Le Guin. Ace, February 1980. $5.95

AVY METAL

# GALLERY SECTION: H.R. Giger

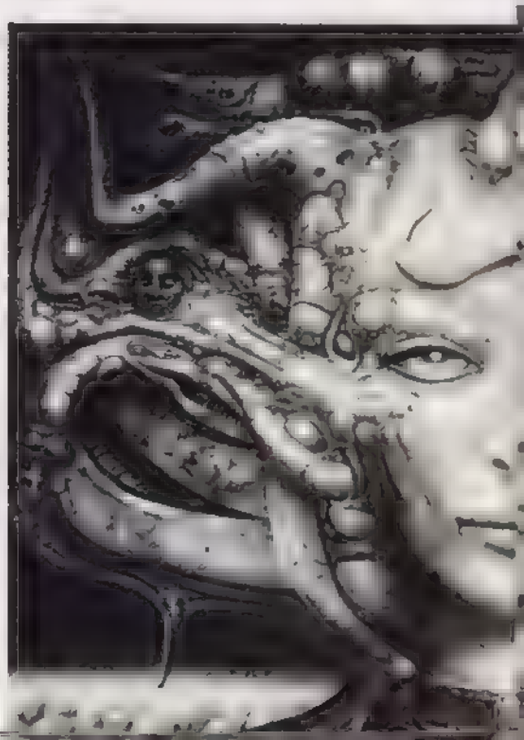
As the story has it, the original *Necronomicon* was an esoteric work on magic, written long ago by a "legendary madman," one Abdul Alhazred by name. In fact, both "Alhazred" and his book were created by H.P. Lovecraft fifty years ago as part of Lovecraft's Cthulhu mythos. Since then several publishers have brought out works purporting to be "the original" *Necronomicon*, but alone among them only H.R. Giger's *Necronomicon* stands apart from Lovecraft's mythos, and only this book captures the genuine *frisson* of those dark and demonic impulses that lurk deep within the human unconscious. That is because Giger's magic is the magic of the airbrush, and his art is to combine images of the twentieth century with those of ageless nightmares.

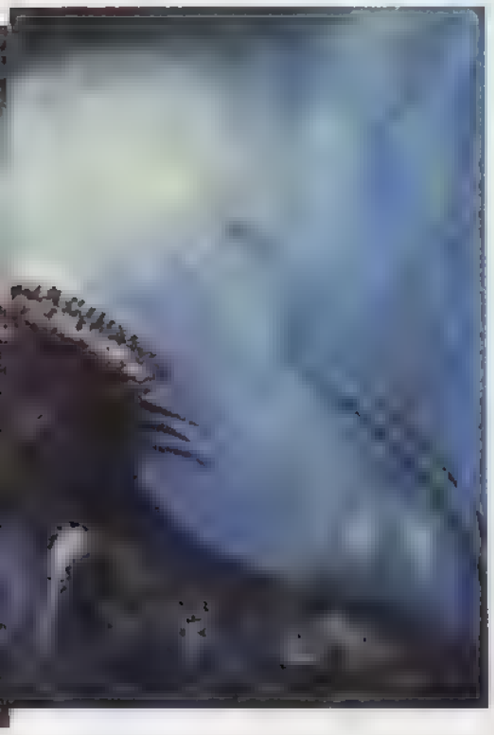
# H.R. Giger

We began our Gallery tour with Giger's *The Lord of the Rings II* (1975). To our left is *National Park I* (1975). Right, above, *Biomechanoid 75* (1975); below, *Landscape XIV* (1973). Giger's clever combination of biological engineering with machinery gave rise to his term "biomechanoid" and images that are deeply disturbing in their implications.

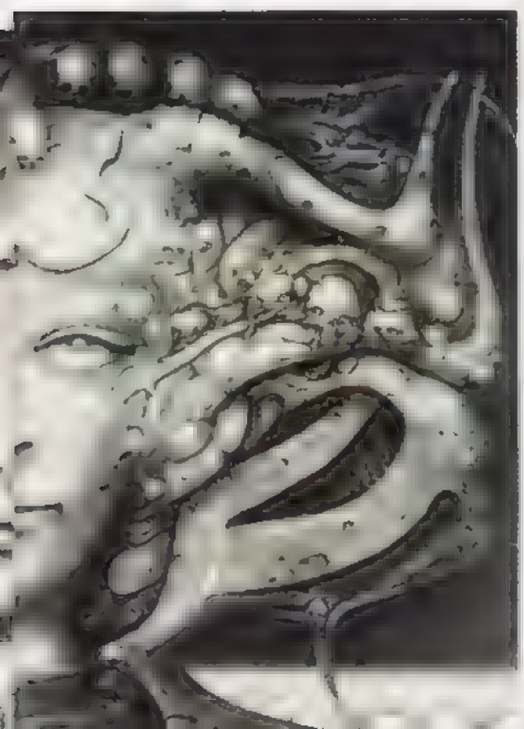
## H.R. Giger

Clockwise, from above: *Death* (1977); *Island of the Dead* (after Böcklin) (1975); *Samurai* (1976); *Li I* (1974); *Necronom I* (1976); *Necronom IIIa* (1976). Here can be seen the evolutionary forerunners of Giger's *Alien* designs, which gave that movie such visual power.





Giger first met Li in 1966 when she was eighteen "and amazingly beautiful." As Giger describes her, "She was a fairy risen from my dreams and become reality." She was to inspire some of Giger's more beautiful paintings and became an important part of his life, but "on Whit Monday 1975 she took her own life with a revolver."



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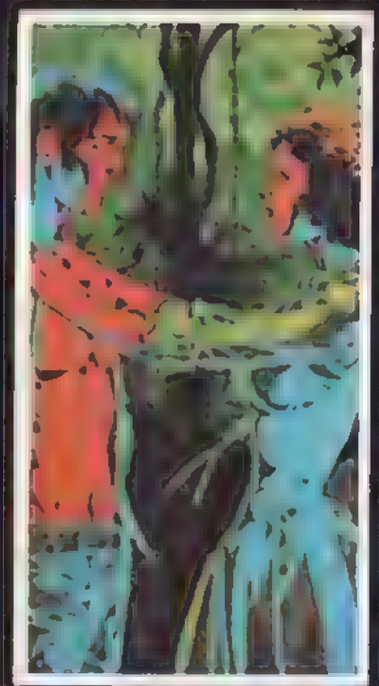

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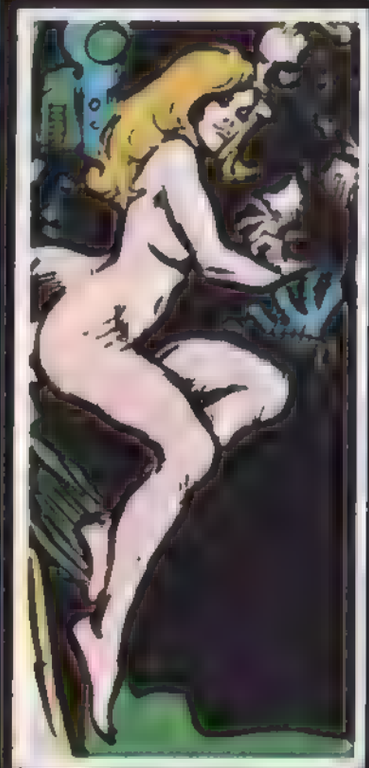

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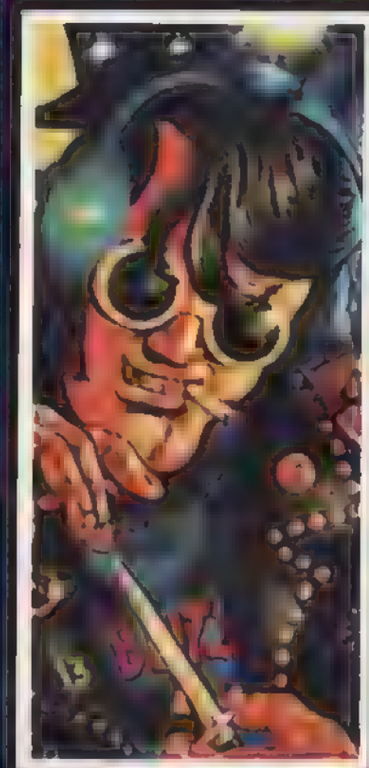

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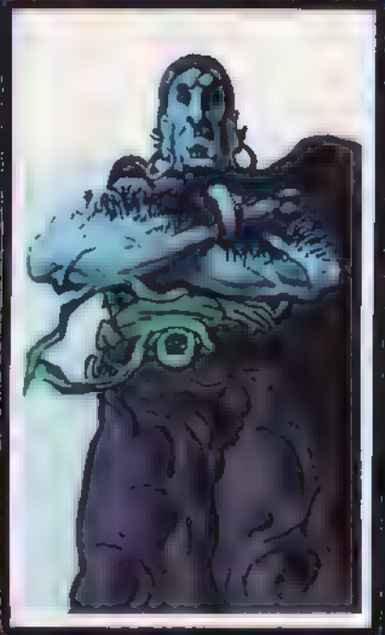

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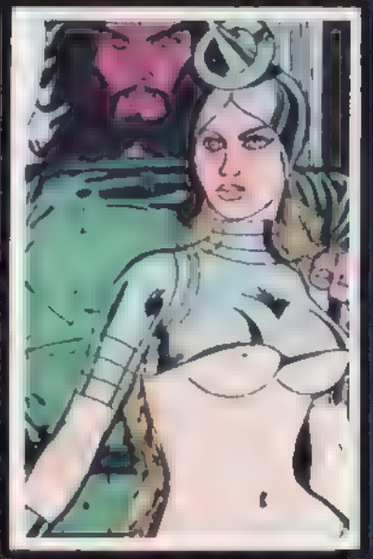

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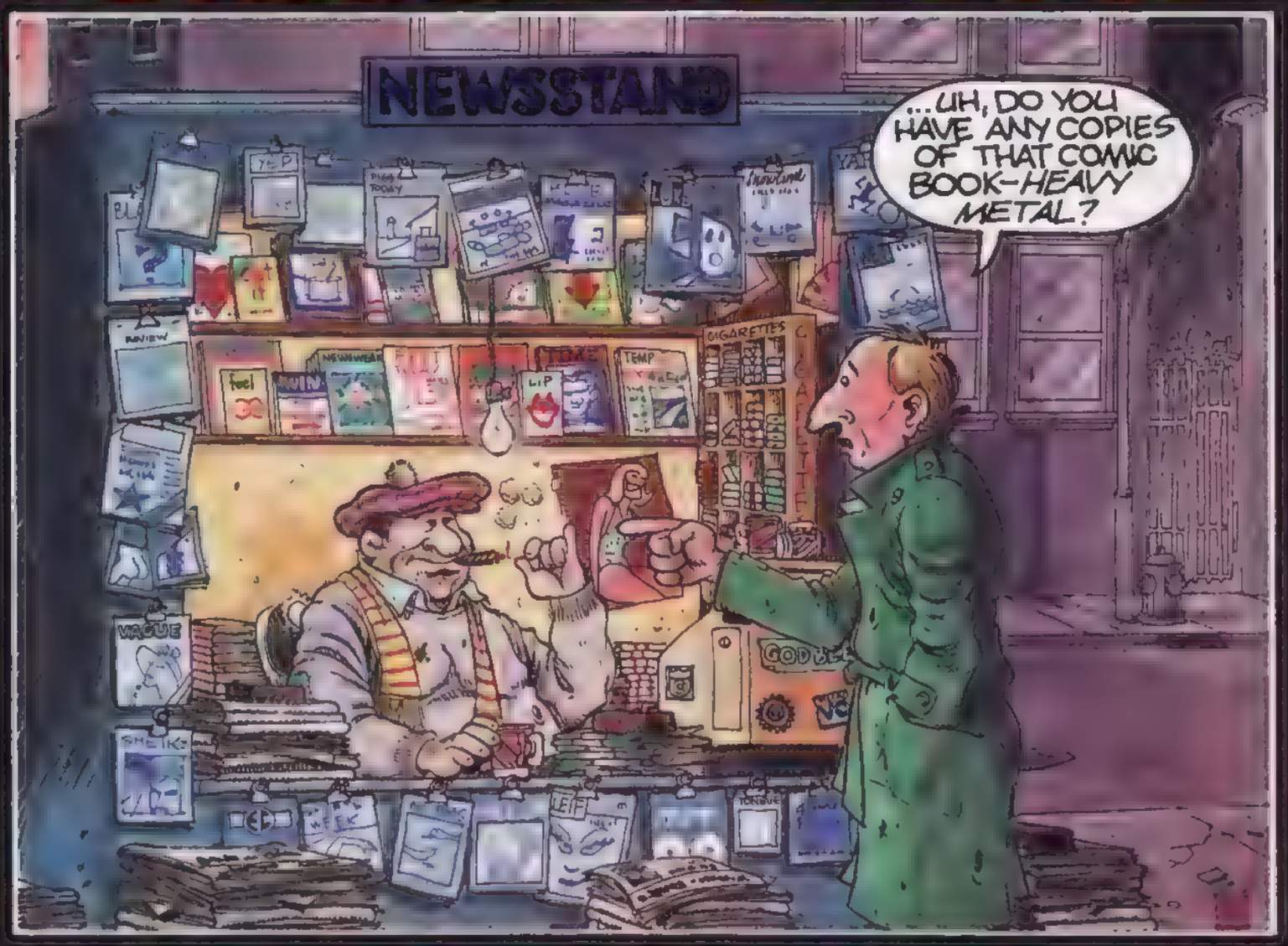


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c 1980 Rod Kierkegaard Jr

How's your girlfriend?
OK. I'm installing a vocoder in her next.
Doesn't necrophilia get a little dull?
An odd kind of tension in her voice made me look over at her, and we stared at each other for awhile.
Then, as if propelled by invisible wires, we met in the middle of the room, our teeth banging together.

## FLIX by Bhob

continued from page 5

vast unrealized potential. If more films of this type crop up in the future, perhaps someday we'll look back on *Asparagus* as only the tip. She describes it as "a visual poem that is an erotic allegory of the creative process, in which a woman views and performs the passages of sensual and artistic discovery." It's that and more—memory cells of mystery, awe, wonder, theatricality. Art joy on sinister streets. Dollhouses in the crawlspaces of the soul.

Dollhouses. During the past decade, in case you haven't noticed, a dollhousemania swept the country. Publications like *Nutshell News* give the dollhouse hobbyist up-to-the-minute info. There are prizes awarded at shows like the Monmouth County Miniature Show and other related competitions, such as the 1979 "My Room" Design Contest, judged by the American Society of Interior Designers, where nine-year-old Paul Esposito was a winner for his "My Underwater Sea Kingdom" model room and eight-year-old Marlo Eaton displayed her "Disco Dream World" of wire disco figures on a revolving disc. Shops selling miniatures have been springing up everywhere, and the dollhouse enthusiasts haunt these places the way others roam discount furniture warehouses. One New York City resident, Friedel Benson, deserving of the title "First Lady of Lilliput," has carried dollhouse construction to a penultimate plateau, ignoring the miniature shops and treating her creations as an art form. Working at scales of a quarter inch, a half inch, or an inch to a foot, she has built fully researched, remarkably exact duplicates of existing structures—beach cottages, Victorian-style New Jersey homes, Chicago townhouses—with all furnishings *handmade*, except the lightbulbs.

Dollhouses within dollhouses are shown in a key *Asparagus* scene, and the construction of a miniature theater interior was a major task in the making of the film. As you might have guessed, dollhouses were an important part of Suzan Pitt's childhood. She was born July 11, 1943—the same year Maya Deren made *Meshes of the Afternoon*—and she remembers growing up in Kansas City, Missouri "I had a big dollhouse in the attic that had wonderful connotations for me. I would go up to the dollhouse, go up the stairway that was very dark, go up and turn the light on, and sit in front of it, and move things around and make scenes. That was a way of making sense of the real world." Participating in college theater for a year and a half, she discovered that "being an actress, being on stage was wonderful, but it didn't quite fit me. I wasn't satisfied to be part of what the director was putting together." Leaving the Cranbrook Academy of Art (Bloomfield Hills, Michigan) in 1965 with a BFA degree, she had several shows of her drawings and paintings "I think I was neurotic in a way. I was very quiet and not very outgoing. I was completely crushed if I would show my drawings to the gallery and they didn't like them. It would be another year before I'd even try it."

Two years later she acquired a secondhand 8mm camera. Finding it could shoot single frames, she went to a library, checked out a

book on animation and then filmed two hundred drawings of a "paper bag floating around and going into contortions." The two months this consumed prompted her to accelerate production by using cutouts of her earlier work for galleries. "I realized that I'd been making pictures of things that were grouped in arrangements and seemed to have relationships with one another and implied a past and a future. With animation I could make them do things. So the first film I made is kind of the most abstract and comes the most from painting. I think I grew more theatrical from that point." The seven-minute *Bowl, Theatre, Garden, Marble Game* (1970), "four animated anecdotes and a squeaky violin—a selection of visual surprises," introduced the asparagus/phallus metaphor she would later expand on: stalks wave back and forth after rising erect from the ground, and they continue to move in the wind after making a transformation into penises. A female film artist's family life is depicted in *Crocus* (1971), with painted cutouts providing an awkward paper-doll effect. A winner at the New York Erotic Film Festival, the seven-minute *Crocus* takes place in a bedroom where a married couple's act of lovemaking cues cucumbers, birds, flowers, moths, and a large cabbage to poetically parade over their bed and out the window. She calls it "an animated visualization of making love, at home with your family there, and the things you feel when your eyes are closed. I painted the people and the sets to look like myself and my surroundings. Then I set them all up like a stage: half of me moved them around, and the other half was the 'cameraman' who just tried to get everything the right way with the best lens."

In Minneapolis she taught animation to children, and the results of this can be seen in *A City Trip* (1972), with the children providing automobile sound effects and dialogue for a bank robbery scene. *Cels* (1972), made with students at the Minneapolis College of Art & Design, is six minutes of giant doors rolling up (matched with the sound of a typewriter) to reveal different bizarre visions—a guitar that plays itself, undulatory worms, a city, an unwinding spool, and unidentified flying things. New York's Whitney Museum then commissioned the 2½-minute *Whitney Commercial* (1973), which displays imagery not unlike several *Heavy Metal* pages of the past. Calliope music heralds a miniature theater box, activated by a hand depositing a coin. The curtains open, and a man announces, "This film cannot continue without your support." Curtains close. Hand deposits rose. Curtains open. A man, his back to the audience, is caressed by a woman, and, as she sighs louder and louder, his clothes dissolve into nothingness. Within the outline of his shape, a cloud-filled sky is seen. Finally, the man's outlined figure becomes a window into the infinite cosmos, the curtains close, and a brainlike dome atop the theater box becomes inoperative, suggesting the plight of the artist without funds or audience. For two years this was projected daily at the Whitney to gain support for their "New American Filmmakers" program

Remember those Rod Serling "Twilight Zone" episodes where the characters take train trips into the past ("A Stop at Willoughby") or travel into their own childhood ("The Incredible World of Horace Ford")? Pitt's magic train ride into childhood is something on that order but so uniquely her own vision

While we made love, I realized that the smell of her hair and the texture of her skin could be reduced to chemical formulas.
Maybe I'd been going about this business of resurrecting Quintana too mechanically...
A haze always hung over the dump, stinking of burning rubber and rotten food.
Armed with a blowtorch and the shotgun she carried everywhere with her, the Second Sister and I crawled through the garbage, like demented archeologists--

--stalked by a line of silhouettes on the crest of a dune...
Hey, look out! Canni-bals!
Those aren't Cannibals, dummy--don't scare me like that!
Then who are they?
We the Afri-Cola Warriors--we proteck God and the community.
They used to be a Police Boys' Club.
You seen God this mornin', Sister?
I think I saw him in the pipes.

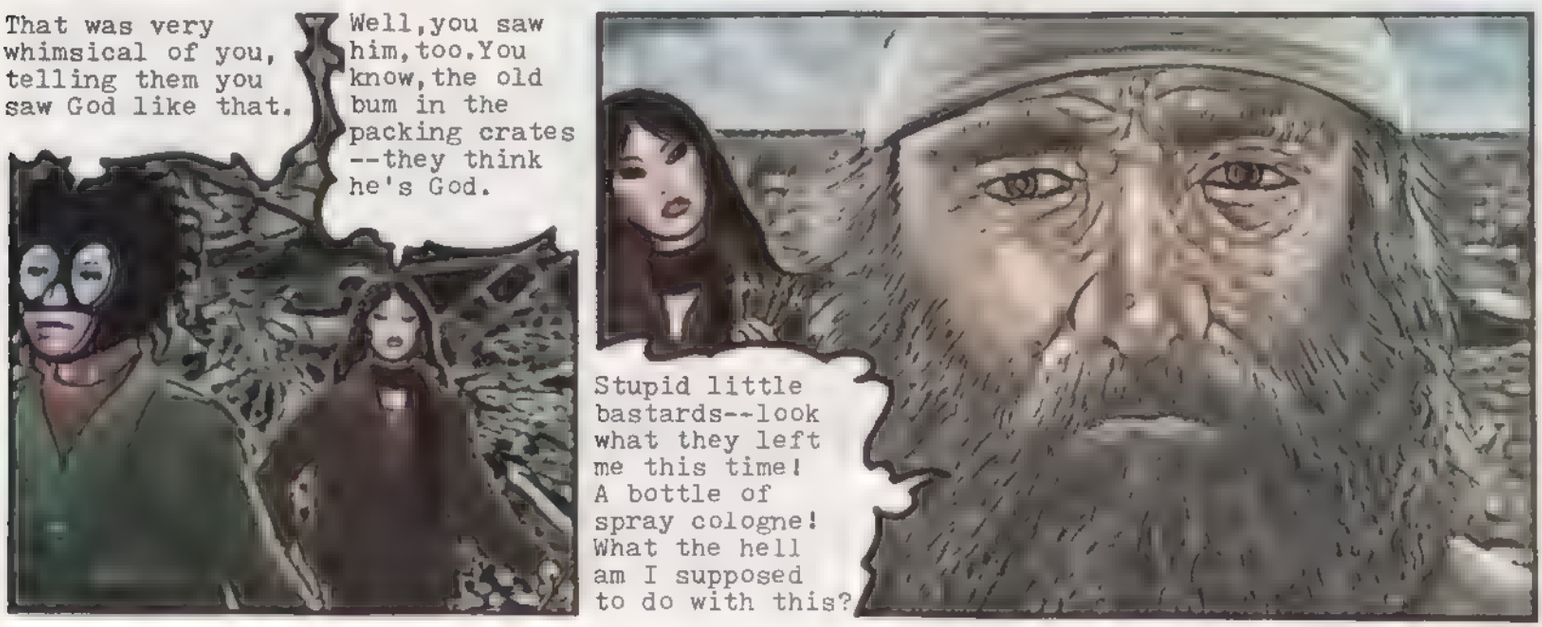
that it could never be confused with Serling It's titled *Jefferson Circus Songs* (1973), a prizewinner at Nashville's Sinking Creek Film Celebration, the New York International Independent Filmmakers Exposition, and the Festival International de Jeune Cinéma de Toulon (where it was cited "for its originality and masterful technique, creating a poetic universe"). Rex Reed saw this twenty-minute film at the Filmmakers Expo and wrote that "most of it is quite sophisticated and brilliant It is also thematically baffling, but it's likable because it's perfect for what it is—a fantasy for children—and such things, if done well and with talent and vision, need no outside logic." In *Jefferson Circus Songs*, as Pitt phrases it, "live-action pixillation and flat animation combine in a musical single-frame construction of absurd creatures and ceremonies of the imagination." Pixillation is the term applied to the animation of live action by simply shooting it with single frames, and, in this case, the people pixillated were Minneapolis child actors. The film begins as a woman on a train stares at the wall, ignoring the odd world seen through the train window, a world where children clad in a variety of wispy costumes "play house" while a Cheshire-like cat, covered with a design of roses, observes from above and licks its mouth. The pixillated pace grows curiouser and curiouser, returning, finally, to the solemn train passenger, a woman who gives the appearance of having embarked on a journey into herself. Just like Suzan Pitt.

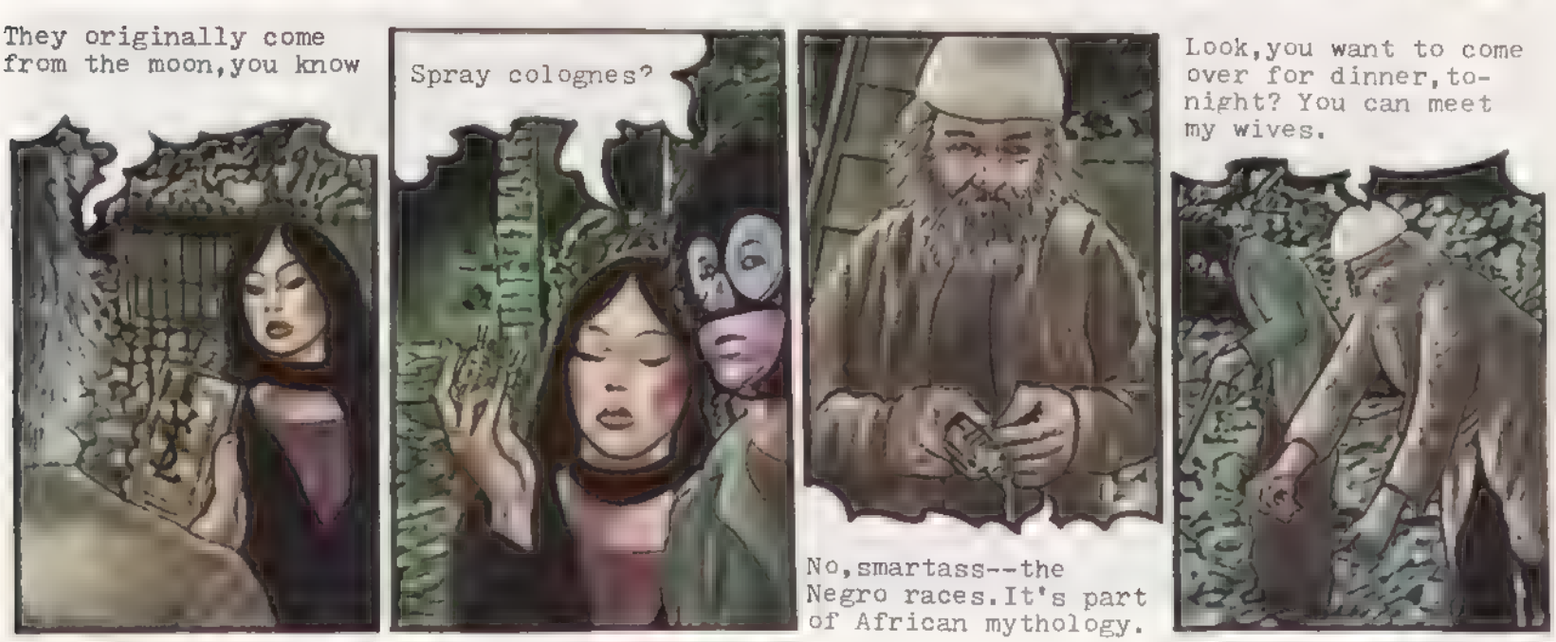
After a year of teaching in the Netherlands, she landed in Cambridge, Massachusetts, at Harvard's Carpenter Center for the Visual Arts. Instructing students in animation as a 1975-1976 lecturer in visual and environmental studies and a 1976-1977 research fellow, Pitt also devised a well-received "expanded film" project, *Loops* (1976), for which she produced forty-five minutes of animation in two months. Presented at the CCVA, *Loops* was a multidimensional, live film/theater performance, combining film on several screens, actors, and original music by the Harvard Composers Ensemble. With the audience seated on the floor and surrounded on three sides by live musicians and projectors, the program was structured around twenty film loops by Pitt, fellow lecturer and animation artist Mary Beams [*Whale Songs*], and their students. For the illusion of an animated horse moving through space in "Horse," Pitt front-projected her brightly colored running-horse film loop onto a screen of foamcore cut into the outline of a horse: behind this was a rear-projected moving landscape on another loop. In her "Gangster" segment, a loop showed a close-up of an animated gangster with a gun. A hole in the screen was matched with the gun's mouth, and, when the gangster fired his weapon, objects such as toilet paper, rubber snakes, and Ping Pong balls were tossed through the hole at the audience until a live actor arrived to literally "wipe out" the tough guy by brushing his image from the screen. "Opera," a collaboration with composer Garby Leon, featured a live theater dialogue between two animated characters—accomplished by projecting loops of animated faces onto brown paper bags worn by actors sitting atop eight-foot ladders. These and the other segments ran about four to eight minutes each in the 2½-hour *Loops* performance.

If Suzan Pitt was, like Maya Deren, searching for the key to unlock her interior world, she found it with *Asparagus*. Shot in 35mm, the making of this film spanned four years at points all over the globe, beginning with storyboards in Amsterdam in 1974 and nine months of drawing in Fountain City, Wisconsin. During the two-year Pitt stop in Cambridge, she recruited a small army of animators and cel painters (Susan Rubin, Jane Dickson, others), with much technical work landing in the lap of CCVA teaching assistant Jim Shook. After eight months in Berlin on a grant, and four days of filming in Hamburg, there was a final summer-of-1978 shooting in Cambridge and the recording of the music track (synthesizer with horns) in New York that fall. Within two months of release, while showing at the Whitney (with the film's drawings on exhibition at New York City's Holly Solomon Gallery), *Asparagus* won two prizes, from the Brooklyn Museum and ASIFA East ("Best Film of 1978"), and then went on to rack up awards at almost every major animation festival.

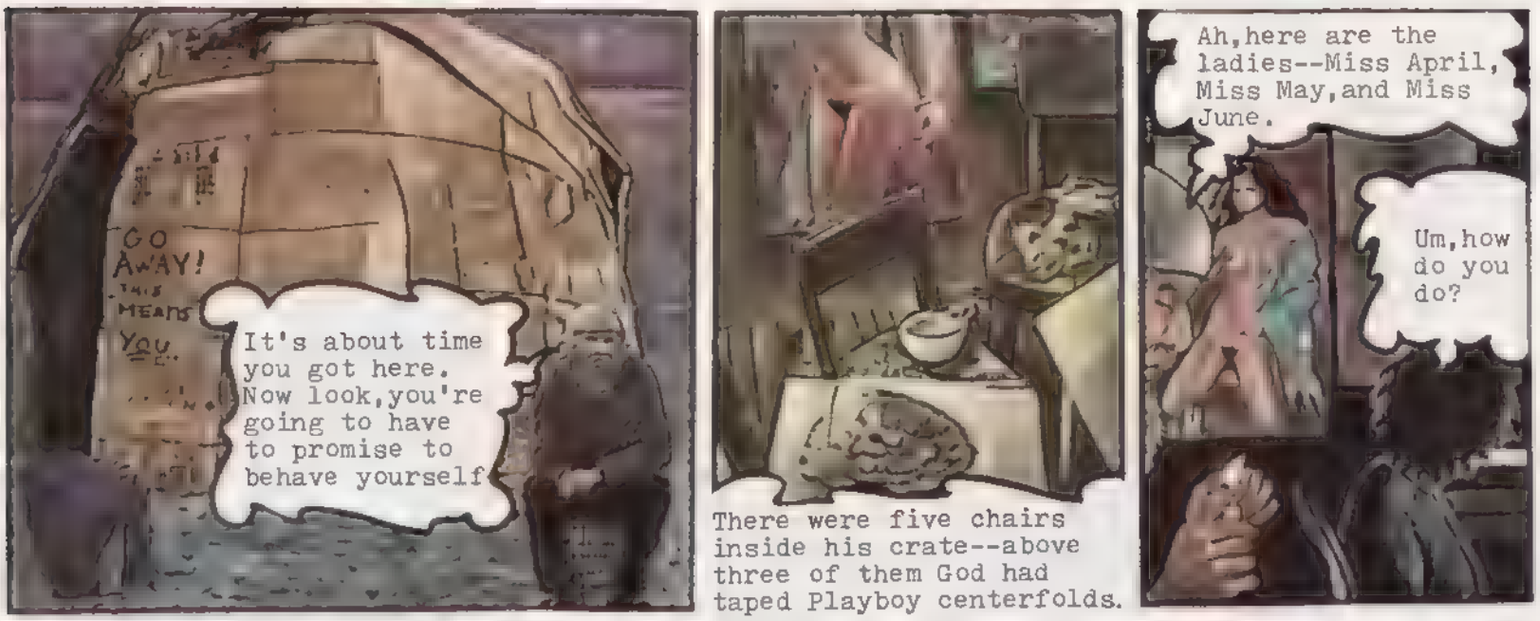
*Asparagus* shows a faceless female artist in a room overlooking a dense, lush, color-saturated landscape of giant flora. Within her room are more rooms—in the dollhouse. Putting her art objects in a bag and donning a mask, she exits to the street. Here, in a visual metaphor of the reproductive process, she walks past a hotel, a sex shop, a gun store, and a display window of dolls. Arriving at a theater, she goes backstage and unleashes her art, which floats out to delight the audience. She then leaves mysteriously "The lady with the bag was Suzan, obviously," says her friend, animation artist Ken Brown, who feels *Asparagus* "is to independent animation what *Fantasia* is to feature animation." The outline above, however, sounds more like a conventional film narrative, and Pitt's own words give a better feeling of the film.

*The Garden as seen from the Room*: The Room is her interior and private space, which has the appearance of a constant setting. Everything is in place —her living room of character. She is a unique entity/body/complex of creativity. There are no two alike. The Garden is all she perceives as given; it is the inherent, apparent everything she feels outside the room. But there is an important question in terms of one's perception of the other: Is the Room passing by or through the Garden? Or is the Garden passing by or through the Room? The Garden is so thick, it's difficult to see how far it stretches. It's difficult to see one thing behind another thing. It appears to be so rich, so dense, so beautiful, so frightening. She feels so much about it. She wants so much to see it. She wants so much to touch it, to embrace it, to make contact with it, to understand it. She imagines she can be a part of it and sees herself touching it through the window. Of course there is a window. Of course there is a curtain to open and close. The asparagus seems so perfect. *The Viewer Box* (*The Dollhouse*): She goes on a long search and stays in the same place. Each door leads to another door, each view to another view. She keeps a dollhouse in her room so she can make arrangements. The dollbuggy is moved into the bathroom The lamp is moved off the piano and into the bedroom. The chair is examined very closely. It is so close to


That was very whimsical of you, telling them you saw God like that.
Well, you saw him, too. You know, the old bum in the packing crates --they think he's God.
Stupid little bastards--look what they left me this time! A bottle of spray cologne! What the hell am I supposed to do with this?


They originally come from the moon, you know
Spray colognes?
No, smartass--the Negro races. It's part of African mythology.
Look, you want to come over for dinner, tonight? You can meet my wives.

What was he saying to you, anyway?
He invited me to dinner. Does he really have three women living with him in a packing crate?
Well, he's God, isn't he?


GO AWAY! THIS MEANS YOU.
It's about time you got here. Now look, you're going to have to promise to behave yourself
There were five chairs inside his crate--above three of them God had taped Playboy centerfolds.
Ah, here are the ladies--Miss April, Miss May, and Miss June.
Um, how do you do?

her eyes she can see what it is made of —asparagus. She makes things. She makes pictures. She imagines scenes. She prepares illusions with folded paper and glitter. She arranges and rearranges. Her aesthetic judgment becomes more and more complicated and refined. She has to answer to herself. It's difficult to keep pure; she's seen so much. But if she studies her room, its shadows and contours, her decisions are accurate. This passage is not in the film; it really can't be pictured, I'm sorry. There is too much joy and so many hours of anguish. It makes you so sleepy, too, you just have to lie down. *The Closet*: The wonderful Closet. Here she can find the appropriate attitude for going out in case she is seen. She selects a particular mask and coat and checks it in the mirror. The mask has a masculine look. *The Bag*: The images she has made have been piling up and cry out to be shown. Or she is crying out to show them. *The Street*: How realistic it is. *The Theater*: The Theater is advertised as a showing place for artists. Here is the arena for those who want to exhibit. There is a great feeling of excitement and expectation. The audience is there to devour the images. There is a huge cardboard show on. The audience loves to be amazed. It's spectacular, it's wonderful, it moves so well, it seems so meaningful. She knows beforehand, because she's done this before, that no matter which angle she chooses to watch from she will not be able to know how the audience is seeing what she has made. Therefore, as soon as the bag is opened and the artworks made visible, she goes home in a taxi. *The Garden* (remember that the sequence of passages is not important, so that the Garden scene could happen at any point in time): Isn't there something very personal about sexual contact? She feels it is the closest analogy to the intimacy she has imagined with the Garden. She feels she is making contact with some sort of source. The Garden is certainly an inspiration.

Her procedure of involving friends and students in her own films parallels Sidney Peterson's Workshop 20 productions of the late forties at the California School of Fine Arts; in both cases this has proven so successful that one wonders why it's not done more often. Work on the elaborate theater sequence began in the summer of 1976 when she undertook construction of the ten-foot-long set of the theater interior, completed early in 1977, while also casting and painting heads for the two hundred puppet bodies fashioned by Jody Culkin. Animating this entire audience of two hundred puppets kept a half dozen people busy for three months as Ken Brown, Lisa Crafts, Becky High, and other animators would reach into the theater through sliding panels to make slight changes in the positioning of the puppets between shots. At one moment, forty puppets move at the same time.

The miniature theater was not only the set for the film, it was also where the film was seen: viewers at the jam-packed Whitney showings looked over the tiny seats to see *Asparagus* rear-projected inside the small proscenium. This, she explained, was similar

to the way paintings are perceived as objects: "I made this film to be an object, a temporal object, structured as a series of passages that are about the creative process as I perceive it. In exhibiting the film this way I hope to create a situation in which people will feel a physical distance. The expressive attitude of watching an audience watching a film is meant to create a set of outside references that keep the viewer distant, so that he or she may always be aware of looking at something as opposed to being drawn in or lost in something. I want the audience to always know the illusions are being made by successive drawings through time—that I'm not trying to make an illusion they can believe in."

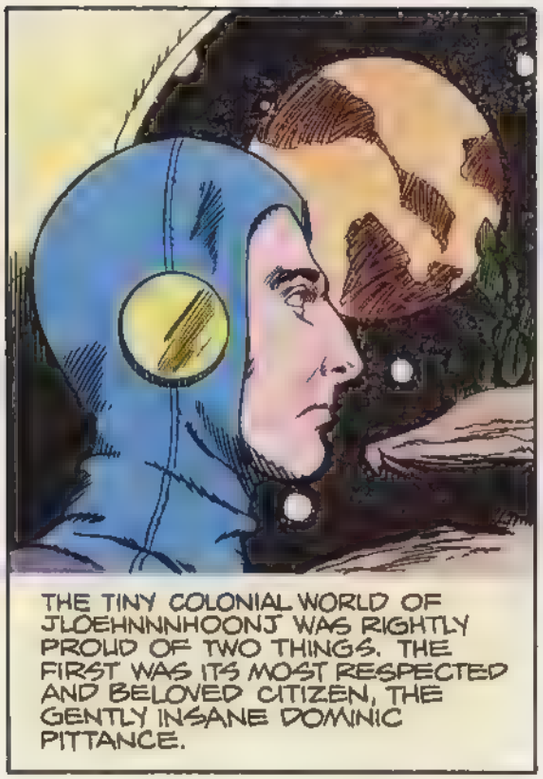
The hidden and disguised eroticism in *Asparagus* is, she says, "a little bit playful. As you draw and you are making a background, you adorn and embellish and touch the images that you're making. You see their connections, how they turn toward each other, and how they make compositions that seem like other things." A towel hanging out of a white washbasin, suggestive of a face with lolling tongue, hinting subliminally at a sexual leer, is only one such example. "There were probably hundreds—that even I have forgotten—and I would have to look at the drawings to even remember them. It's a way of explaining, I think, how our inherent sensuality carries us through time and carries us in our feeling of contact and our feeling of desire toward the world as well as other people. Maybe that connects with the sensuality of the towel coming out of a bowl with a face or the shape of the furniture—and especially the color. I think the color in animation can be erotic." Such subliminals and the interlacings of the creativity theme with her sensual perception of life make *Asparagus* a sonar of the psyche.

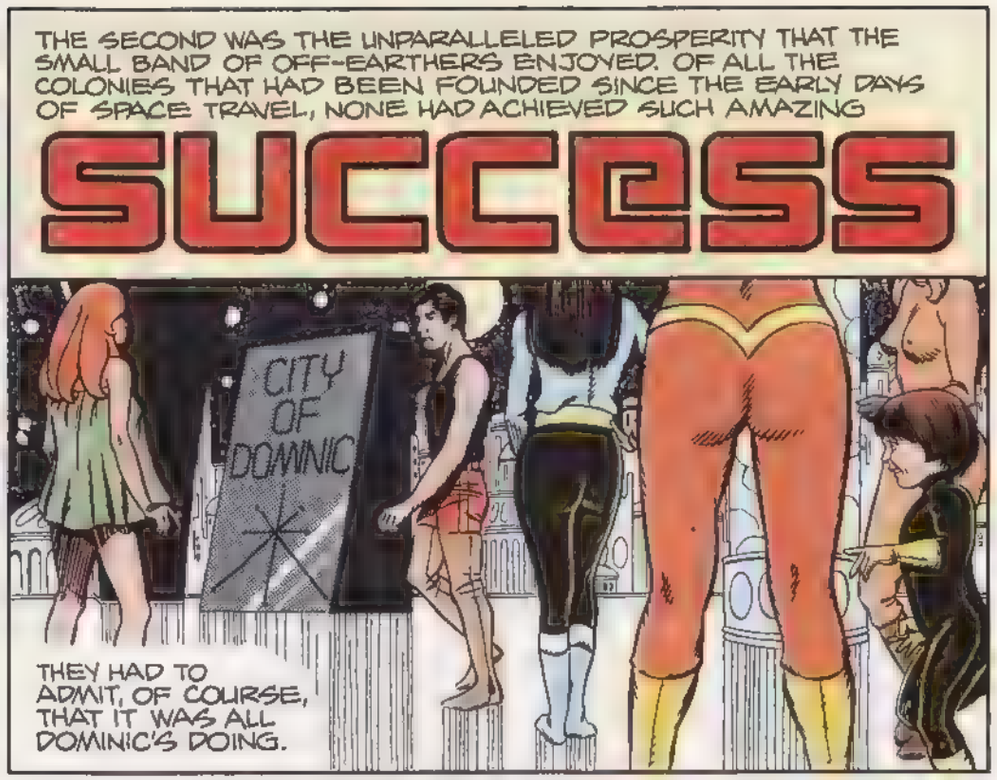
After years of gags, goops, goons, and goofiness, directors like George Dunning, John Hubley, Richard Williams, and the Zagreb talents advanced animation by leagues. *Asparagus* is another advance, one that grew out of an understanding that "animation, traditionally, hasn't been accepted as a medium in which a really broader range of things could be said. That was a very strong goal—to try to make a film that did much more with animation than has been done. There are psychological areas one can deal with that are not possible in the live-action film. Animation is perfect for it." And Suzan Pitt, now planning a work of feature length, is a sensitive, innovative artist who is perfect for animation.

### 16mm Film Rental Guide

*Asparagus* is included in the ninety-one-minute *Center Screen Independent Animation Touring Program* (18 Vassar St., 20B-126, Cambridge, MA 02139). *Crocus*, *Jefferson Circus Songs*, and *A City Trip* are available through Freude Bartlett's Serious Business Company (1145 Mandana Blvd., Oakland, CA 94610), a distributor mainly handling films by and about women. For *Cels*: *Whitney Commercial*; and *Bowl*, *Theatre*, *Garden*, *Marble Game*, contact Canyon Cinema (Room 220, Industrial Center Bldg., Sausalito, CA 94965). Suzan Pitt's distributor in France is Cinemation (31 bis rue Jean Lolive, 93500 Pantin).

To Be Continued


THE TINY COLONIAL WORLD OF JLOEHNNNHOONJ WAS RIGHTLY PROUD OF TWO THINGS. THE FIRST WAS ITS MOST RESPECTED AND BELOVED CITIZEN, THE GENTLY INSANE DOMINIC PITTANCE.


THE SECOND WAS THE UNPARALLELED PROSPERITY THAT THE SMALL BAND OF OFF-EARTHERS ENJOYED. OF ALL THE COLONIES THAT HAD BEEN FOUNDED SINCE THE EARLY DAYS OF SPACE TRAVEL, NONE HAD ACHIEVED SUCH AMAZING
SUCCESS
CITY OF DOMINIC
THEY HAD TO ADMIT, OF COURSE, THAT IT WAS ALL DOMINIC'S DOING.

## COMIX by Jay Kinney

*continued from page 4*

four-page book. To this day the pair remain the only artists that Rip Off has published from out of the blue; all other ROP cartoonists have been either part of the extended Texas/Bay Area family, previously published UGers, or specifically commissioned artists.

*Mother's Oats* #1 was the definitive psychedelic comic. Utilizing a frenetic, multi-detailed style, Sheridan and Schrier spun baroque tales of holes in reality and lost egos, which convincingly recreated the hallucinogenic landscapes of acid trips. Sheridan's Dealer McDope, disguised as a shopping bag lady, dealt kilos out of a meat market sack by day and explored alternate realities by night. Schrier's G. Conscience stumbled and bounced around inside his own head confronting the personified fragments of his mind. Both of the main stories in the book had *Alice in Wonderland* parallels, and the comic soon developed a strong cult following, netting avid fan letters from college English and psychology professors, among others

Meanwhile at the Print Mint in Berkeley, Don Schenker converted *Yellow Dog* from a tabloid to standard comic book format: slick four-color cover wrapped around black-and-white newsprint guts. As the most open comic of all the UGs, *Yellow Dog*'s quality was extremely uneven. Stories by Lynch, Wilson, and Crumb alternated with a long-running series of strips about floating eyeballs and tits from Mars by Ronald Lipking Drug surrealism by Gill Smitherman and Gaccione pulsed in between the early work of Justin Green, Greg Irons, and Robert Williams. Eventually *Yellow Dog* was to become a universe unto itself, predominantly featuring cartoonists who would bob up for a strip or two and then disappear forever from the field.

The mysterious Buckwheat Florida, Jr., was one *Yellow Dog* contributor who managed to do a whole comic, *Suds*, which the Print Mint published in 1969 before he too disappeared from view. Florida was the king of the stoned, stream of consciousness doodle, and *Suds* was forty pages of organic blobs, strange lettering, and deathless prose on the order of: "Atomized Razor Blades 'Stainless Steel' glide through this mirror metallic plane COASTING BRAKES screeech & shruggg TO A HALT . . .Spit on Me and Laugh!" It is an indication of the openness of the UG publishers and audience at that moment in mid 1969 that the Print Mint could print five thousand copies of *Suds* and sell them all!

Rory Hayes was another unlikely artist to turn up in UGs at this time but, unlike Florida, one who stayed around and continued to produce for several years. Rory and his brother Jeffrey were longtime San Francisco residents who had been creating homemade comics, stories, and dramas since childhood, involving characters based on their collection of stuffed dolls. Rory showed some of these comics to Gary Arlington during a visit to Gary's comic store in early 1969. Arlington encouraged him to draw up a new comic, and horror fan Hayes produced *Bogeyman Comics* #1, which Gary then published. The comic consisted of four carefully rendered childlike horror tales, two of which had teddy bears for heroes, plus an afterword by Gary, where he spent four typewritten pages reminiscing about the old EC comics and vowing to try to match their past glory with his own publishing in the present.

Only 6½-by-8½-inches, *Bogeyman* #1 was a rather homely little production, but it caught the fancy of several of the cartoonists who frequented Gary's SF Comic Book Company. Crumb, Osborne, Griffin, and Wilson were captivated by Rory and his work, and all contributed strips to the second issue of *Bogeyman*. Jay Lynch drew #2's cover and a three-page story from Chicago. Kim Deitch sent in a page from New York, and brother Jeffrey did two teddy bear strips. By the time the second issue came out in late 1969, Rory had polished his precisely stippled rendering technique, and his pages practically sparkled. To the average reader, perhaps Rory's work looked hopelessly primitive, but to the cartoonists this was precisely its charm.

Bill Griffith speaks for many in describing Rory's appeal at that time: "...he had all the qualities of a genuine primitive artist, and to top it off, his work was powerful. It was touching things in many ways at a much deeper level than we could. He didn't obscure his work with any pretense to a story line or characterization or punch lines. He went right to the heart of the matter (which) at that point was psychological probing. We were all doing that to one degree or another and Rory didn't have to dig to get it. His inner nature just plopped right out as soon as he started drawing . . ."

Two other prolific cartoonists who first appeared in *Yellow Dog* in 1969 should be noted. Larry Welz, a native of sunbaked Bakersfield, created the controversial superhero parody *Captain Guts*, published by the Print Mint. A crew cut schmuck, Fillmore Grinchbottom had only to drink beer to become supermacho Captain Guts, feared hippie stomper and demolisher of peace demonstrations. Like the straight comics he parodied, Welz concentrated on entertainment through the manipulation of stereotypes, an approach that was in contrast to many of the other UG artists who increasingly favored painstaking detail, unlikely characters, and complex plots

Former poster artist Greg Irons returned to San Francisco from a year in Europe in early 1969 and soon dove into comix production. His early work in *Yellow Dog* and his own

MMM... NEW YORK CITY... JUNE TWENTY, NINETEEN FIFTY!...
DISAPPEARING INTO HIS DARK MANSION, DOMINIC WOULD CRANK UP THE FABULOUS ALIEN MACHINE HE'D DISCOVERED.
THE LONG-DORMANT DEVICE SOMETIMES THREATENED TO EXPLODE, BUT ALWAYS DID ITS JOB... SENDING DOMINIC INTO THE DISTANT PAST OF HIS HOME PLANET—EARTH...
SAY—DO YOU HAVE ANY MORE COPIES OF THE LATEST CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES?
HUH?
PEP COMICS
ALL CANDY
.. WHERE DOMINIC ACQUIRED COMIC BOOKS FRESH OFF THE NEWSSTANDS. UPON RETURNING TO HIS OWN TIME, HE SOLD THE PRIZED MINT-CONDITION, RARE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS TO AFICIONADOS ON EARTH. THE COMICS FROM THE PAST KEPT JLOEHNNNHOONJ'S ECONOMY FLOURISHING.

comic, *Heavy*, published that same year, dwelt on tactical squad cops versus long hair revolutionaries. The humor was bittersweet, the figures well-drawn but often frozen in posterlike tableaus and mandalas. Irons was to play an important role when UGs entered their second phase the following year

On July 4, 1969, in Chicago, letters went out to many underground cartoonists from Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, indicted members of "The Conspiracy," better known as the Chicago Eight. Arrested for allegedly conspiring to create the riots in Chicago at the Democratic National Convention in August of 1968, the eight radicals were faced with a lengthy trial before the unsympathetic Judge Hoffman. Skip Williamson agreed to edit a benefit comic, *Conspiracy Capers*, with all proceeds to go to the Eight's legal costs. The Fourth of July letters solicited "underground cartoons and comic strips dramatizing the trial or events around the convention and conspiracy..." However, the resulting comic was more like an average grab bag issue of *Yellow Dog*.

Rory Hayes and Gary Arlington collaborated on a strip featuring a dope-smoking teddy bear (of course!) complaining about parking meters and toll bridges. Paul David Simon (a.k.a. Paul Filth) did several strips involving humanoid pies, Speedy Alka-Seltzer, and stereotypical blacks trading bad puns and discussing rubber clothes. I had two one-pagers (one with all captions and balloons in Persian) originally done the week following my first acid trip, and several other cartoonists had work equally off-the-wall. Left to their own devices, many UG cartoonists could do striking political material, but little of it found its way into *Conspiracy Capers*. It was a decidedly odd book, perhaps even a historical one, but not a particularly good one.

While Skip pulled *Conspiracy Capers* together, Jay Lynch concentrated on Bijou. Two issues came out in 1969, with an average of nine or ten artists in each issue With so few UG cartoonists in Chicago, Lynch had to rely on regular mail contact with other artists to obtain work for *Bijou*. UG comix had no more diligent promoter than Lynch, who maintained ties with fans and cartoonists in Europe and all over the US. If there was a sense of brotherhood and family among the small circle of cartoonists at that time it was in large part due to the network of news and support he helped maintain. Also throughout 1969 and 1970, Lynch's (now ex-) wife Jane published *Little Ladies*, a xeroxed newsletter "for the wives and sweethearts of today's top cartoonists." *Little Ladies* passed on gossip and excerpted letters, as well as Jane's own wry and feisty comments. Predicated as it was on a traditional male/female division of labor in cartoonists circles, *Little Ladies* did not long survive the growth of feminism as the 1970s began.

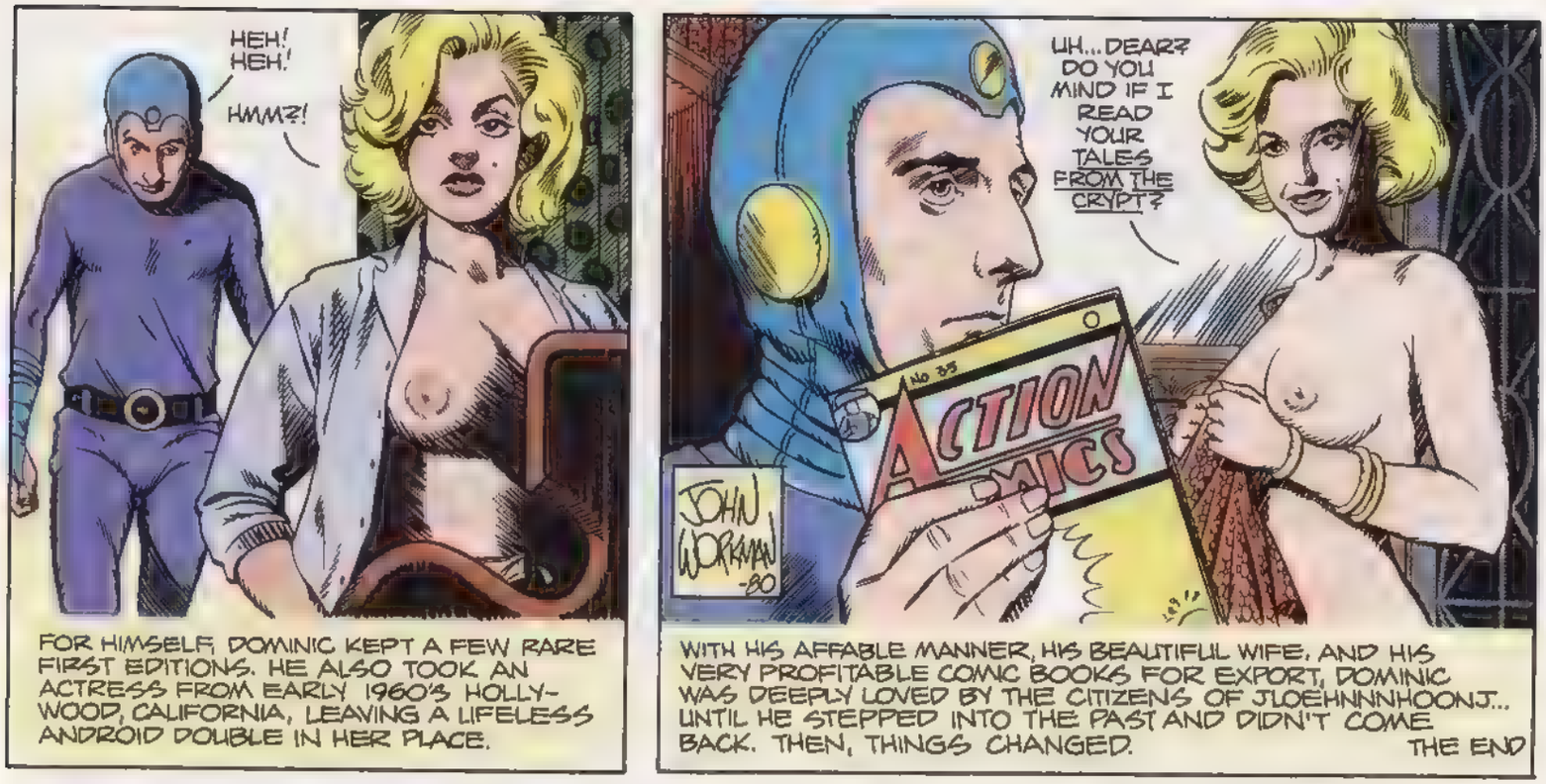
Another early participant in the movement, John Peck (better known as the "Mad Peck"), published his *Mad Peck Catalog* out of Providence, Rhode Island. The *Catalog*, a combination comic book and mail-order ad, was an eccentric pocket-size publication. Emphasizing the ancestry of the latter-day UGs, the Mad Peck also reprinted and circulated some of the material from the old eight pager "Tijuana Bibles" of the 1930s. A one-shot four-page tabloid called *Extra*, published by Peck, contained strips by Justin Green, his first real entry into the UG comix.

Justin was a graduate of the Rhode Island School of Design who had tried his hand at painting and teaching art, both without much success. Possessing an acute sense of humor based on man's inhumanity to man, Justin turned to cartooning with better results. His early strips in the *Gothic Blimp Works*, *Yellow Dog*, and *Bijou* often examined childhood follies or the pompous facades of adults. In 1969 he moved to New Jersey, across the Hudson from New York City, meeting many of the other New York cartoonists through his contact with Kim Deitch, then editing the *Gothic Blimp Works*.

Throughout 1969, Spain, Trina, and Kim had each visited San Francisco and liked what they saw. By the fall *Gothic Blimp* was kaput, and the prospects for publishing the more conventional format UGs in New York looked slim indeed. UG comic publishing in the Bay Area was going great guns, however. En masse, without much in the way of prior discussion, the New York cartoonists decided to pull up stakes and move west.

Gilbert Shelton had been visiting New York with his girl friend, and when returning to San Francisco gave a ride to Kim and Trina. Willy Murphy, Roger and Michelle Brand, Spain and girl friend Janet, Willie Mendes and husband Rick Kunstler all picked up and left within a month of each other. By year-end the mass migration was complete. At a party at Rip Off Press soon after, many of the new arrivals met the local San Francisco cartoonists, made friends, and began to explore possibilites for new projects. The move provided a tremendous boost to local momentum, and enthusiasm was high.

Back in New York a few UG cartoonists hung on. Yossarian, a protégé of Spain's, moved up to become EVO's workhorse cartoonist. Joe Schenkman, whose rich brushwork had first appeared in the *Rat* and then *GBW*, did *EVO* work now and then. After a depressing year at college in Ohio, during which time I did a page for *Gothic Blimp*, I transferred to Pratt Institute in Brooklyn in the fall of 1969. Throughout that winter, *Bijou* remained my main outlet for UG work, though I did do single strips for both the *Rat* and *EVO*.


HEH! HEH!
HMM?!
FOR HIMSELF, DOMINIC KEPT A FEW RARE FIRST EDITIONS. HE ALSO TOOK AN ACTRESS FROM EARLY 1960'S HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA, LEAVING A LIFELESS ANDROID DOUBLE IN HER PLACE.
UH... DEAR? DO YOU MIND IF I READ YOUR TALES FROM THE CRYPT?
NO 35
ACTION COMICS
JOHN WORKMAN -80
WITH HIS AFFABLE MANNER, HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE, AND HIS VERY PROFITABLE COMIC BOOKS FOR EXPORT, DOMINIC WAS DEEPLY LOVED BY THE CITIZENS OF JLOEHNNNHOONJ... UNTIL HE STEPPED INTO THE PAST AND DIDN'T COME BACK. THEN, THINGS CHANGED.
THE END

Justin was still in New Jersey. Vaughn Bodé was periodically moving back and forth between Syracuse and New York City, working mainly for *Cavalier*. Bill Griffith was the other main UGer left.

Bill was a shipping clerk for a foreign book importer and a painter influenced by pop art. Attracted to comiclike imagery, he tried his hand at cartooning in late 1968 at the urging of his friends. His earliest strip was a three-page gross-out exercise based on a story by friend and poet Chris Buttock. Taking the strip to *EVO*, Bill was rebuffed by *EVO*'s art director in no uncertain terms.

However, early 1969 saw the founding of *Screw*, the ground-breaking New York sex paper, and when Bill took the strip there he got a far warmer reception. For the next fifteen or twenty issues, he had a strip in nearly every issue. They were loosely drawn, rude, wise-guy jokes, calculated to offend. He was so successful that when *Screw* was first busted, the DA held up an issue in court, pointed to a Mr. Toad strip by Bill, and exclaimed, "Now, this is what's *really* disgusting!"

An old freind of Kim Deitch's from their days together at Pratt in the early 1960s, Bill next turned up in the Deitch-edited *Gothic Blimp* with the one pager, "I Am a Toadstool!" *EVO* was now more open to the bad-boy cartoonist, and his work finally appeared there, too.

After the mass exodus, Justin and Bill tossed around the idea of a UG comic put out by the remaining New York artists. I was contacted by Bill, who came out to Brooklyn to discuss the project with me and my fellow cartoonist and classmate Ned Sonntag The New York comic never happened, but that first meeting would soon lead directly to another much more real project, *Young Lust* comics.

Nineteen seventy marked the start of the next phase of UG comix, which saw the sudden growth of the UG horror and science fiction books, the arrival of the infamous Air Pirates, and the beginnings of the women's comix movement.

**Next Month**
**Part Six: The New Decade**

**New Publications**

What's new with comics in Red China? No doubt many of you have been losing sleep at night over this very question. Answering it may be cheaper and easier than you'd imagine. *Lian Huan Hua Bao (Picture Stories)* is a monthly thirty-six-page comic book from China that features a wide variety of comic strips in different styles. Before the death of Mao, Chinese cartoonists were apparently encouraged to maintain a controlled, realistic style combined with some elements from classical oriental drawing. The results were often striking. The last few years have seen more stylistic experimentation, more use of black areas, and more exaggerated caricaturelike strips.

*Lian Huan Hua Bao* often features at least one color four-pager along with the black-and-white strips, and recent issues have seen the initiation of what appear to be a series of profiles of some of the best Chinese cartoonists. Needless to say, the entire comic is in Chinese, which may blunt the enthusiasm of some. However, language gaps aside, the pictures speak for themselves. Subscriptions are a bargain at $4.80 a year (by seamail from China) and can be ordered from China Books and Periodicals, 2929 Twenty-fourth Street, San Francisco, CA 94110.

Speaking of comics from afar, I can recommend two sources of European comics by mail, for those of you whose cravings for alien art are only partially satiated by *Heavy Metal*'s selections each month.

Artefact is a very friendly comics store and publisher near Paris. Besides publishing the French editions of *Fat Freddy's Cat* and *Odd Bodkins*, they've been issuing collections of the newer French and Dutch cartoonists Artefact is a reliable mail-order source for most any currently published French comic art, and they've just issued a one-page catalog listing the available publications of two French new wave comics gangs: Bazooka and "Elles sont de sortie." Perhaps best of all they understand English and welcome inquiries from US fans

Their address: Jean-Pierre Mercier, Artefact, 3 rue du Marche, 95880 Enghien, France.

The Real Free Press in Amsterdam is another good source of foreign comic art. For much of the 1970s, Holland was a strong center of UG comix, and some issues of the best Dutch UG, *Tante Leny*, edited by Evert Geradts, are still available. *Wipe Out Comics*, from RFP, has work by both Dutch and American UG cartoonists. Their address is: Real Free Press Int., Dirk Van Hasseltssteeg 25, Amsterdam, The Netherlands

Back in the USA, Everyman Studios, publishers of *Cascade*, the outstanding UG comix fanzine, has been busily producing new mini comix. These are pocket-size eight-page comix with color covers and art by most of the newer UG and fan cartoonists like Siergey, Whitney, Anderson, Erling, and others. There are now ten different titles out (including *Robot Romance*, *Funny Animal Lust*, and *Calculus Cat*) and at twenty-five cents each they are a steal. You must be at least eighteen to order these laff-oriented collector's items, and there's a fifty cent postage and handling charge per order. The mini comix (and Everyman's free catalog of over sixty comic publications) can be ordered from Everyman Studios, 432 South Cascade, Colorado Springs, CO 80903.

REMINISCING IS PERMISSIBLE BUT KEEP IT CLEAN! A MESSAGE FROM THE...
DREAM POLICE!
OH MY LITTLE SONYA...
INDECENT EXPOSER! GET 'ER 'MEN!
WH..?

## MUZICK by Lou Stathis

*continued from page 4*

understated eccentricity, and calmly sips a cup of milky tea. While he isn't hyper or manic, he certainly is disgustingly chipper for a man who barely ten hours earlier spewed obscene amounts of energy all over the stage at Hurrah, XTC's second gig on a nine-week American tour. The man is incredible—throwing away far more energy than I thought possible for any normal human being to muster. Your crack correspondent, on the other hand, is a barely sentient basket case, and that was just from *watching*. I am awed and humbled, and not a little curious about the synthetic Gatorade extract he must inject into his body by the pound. The modest bastard shrugs nonchalantly.

"It's like everything in a day is just a buildup to the gig. Before going out . . ." Andy hops up and pantomimes a mainspring being wound tightly. "It's like this [tight!], and when you go on . . . TWANG! It all comes out of everywhere at once. It's the only time of the day I can release all my energy. It's a great purge. It makes me feel joyous. People ask me, 'Why were you smiling like that? You looked like a prat.' I smile like a buffoon on stage because I'm enjoying myself."

Andy Partridge is full of surprises, most of them quite pleasant ones. He is an obnoxiously articulate, genuinely charming and unpretentious individual who seems totally without guile or artifice. He simply is what he is: talented, self-effacing, and determinedly pursuing a life that he seems most happy and comfortable with. He drips warmth and good humor while talking volubly, communicating ideas and feelings through a steady stream of well-chosen words accented with rubbery facial grimaces and illustrative body movement. He's a self-confessed ham, but more the clownish, intellectually expressive type than one of the boringly exhibitionistic nerds one is so often trapped by at parties. I tell him he reminds me a bit of Benny Hill, a puerile English TV comic with a preoccupation for knickers and jiggling boobs. This isn't meant as an insult to Andy's intelligence but just to point to the cherubic face and naughty/mischievous eye twinkle that the two share. He laughs with abhorrence, and counters with: "I prefer to think of myself as Danny Kaye with a guitar."

Though this image suits Andy admirably, it certainly doesn't all-inclusively define either the muzick or the outlook of XTC. While the elements of humor, intelligence, and a sense of the absurd play important roles in XTC's approach, they are never present for their own sake, nor are they intrusive in XTC's main purpose—to make good pop songs. It's become obvious to me, in this post-Eno era, that pop muzick needn't be solely for the lobotomized or the sedated, but apparently there are *still* some witless dorks out there who can't swallow their pop if it's at all tainted with intellect. Andy's reaction to all this is somewhat paradoxical. He admits that there is self-consciousness (albeit a small amount) and cleverness in what the band does, but he seems confused by the contention that XTC is too clever for their own good. At once he is both anti-intellectual and living proof of artistic potential derived from intuitive intellectualism. Just as his presence, especially onstage, embodies a finely tuned balance of the emotion, the physical, and the intellectual, so does his muzick.

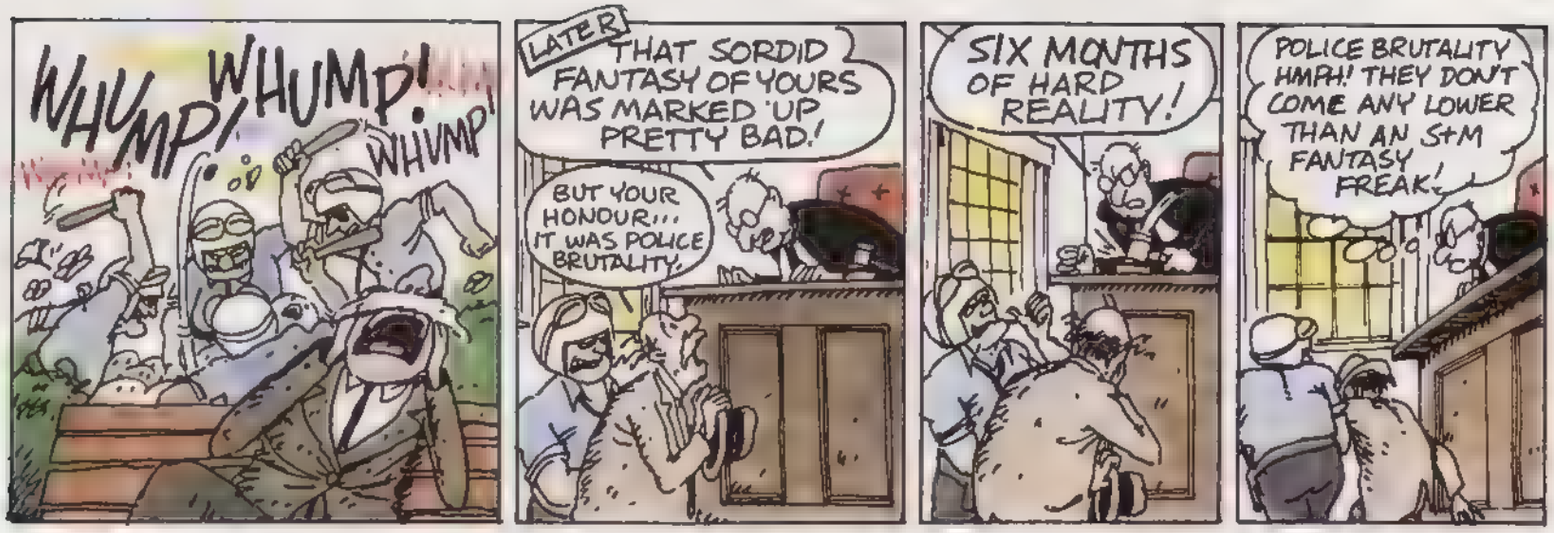
Says Andy: "We strive to be popular—we make pop music. When I tell people that, they sometimes say, 'No you don't, you play .' and they give it some Latin name that sounds like a man-eating tree. Well, we just make pop music."

I guess I'll take his word for it, but only so far. To prove that something fishy is going on I submit this information to a simple philosophical test. Point A: Pop muzick bores me. Point B: XTC doesn't bore me. Conclusion: (obviously) XTC does *not* make pop muzick. Ironclad logic wins again.

The key to this dilemma, I think, lies in the fertility of Andy Partridge's subconscious. He told me at one point in the interview, "Ninety percent of our best stuff comes by accident." Now, to some, this might imply bumbling. In reality it means leaving yourself open to the frequently untapped resources of your subconscious. Eno devised a theory around this idea of utilizing your mistakes—the things that seem to pop up unbidden—but this process, if unverbalized, has been in use for years. Most often it involves numbing the conscious mind with drugs and/or alcohol, thereby melting the barriers our minds have learned to construct and allowing all the input we have absorbed in our lives to come through. That Andy Partridge might indulge in this process without knowing it, without doing anything to precipitate it (he doesn't use drugs), isn't at all surprising or unusual. The evidence is there in his songs for XTC, which are artfully infused with digested influences, and in what he reveals about the way he works. I think, quite frankly, that Andy Partridge is an intuitive genius.

Let's delve into his background a bit. Andy tells me he's completely self-taught. "There used to be a guitar behind the settee when I was young. I would take it out every once in a while and play around with it. I used to imitate the Monkees when they were on, standing in front of the television and mimicking them with the guitar. From there I just learned to play it by copying a lot of records. Stuff like the Kinks, the Small Faces, the Stones, and that lot all had an influence on me. When I could play that stuff, I moved on to imitating the technicians, like Jimi Hendrix. I found that it was pretty easy to learn to play like them, and once I could, I started dismantling what they were doing, taking it apart. From there, I started playing the guitar to sound like other instruments, saxophones and the like. I was listening to a lot of Charlie Parker records then, marveling at the way he played. It was like mercury being poured onto a glass table, breaking into all these rivulets, colliding, and breaking apart again. I went through a period of playing the guitar that way, just going all over the place, playing no particular key, just [sings] deedladoodleeadodloo—scribbling on the guitar, you could call it. Then I went through a period of not playing—listening to empty music, Oriental music, and concentrating on *not* playing."

As other muzickal influences, Andy cites Can. "Their first four albums are excellent I think Talking Heads sound like Can—more than any other band in the world. They've got the metronomic drumming, simple bass patterns, words almost indistinguishable from noises at times [something Andy does as well], very thin guitar, and melodies that you can't say have a beginning or end. They just kind of *flow*." He adds Captain Beefheart ("*Lick My Decals Off* was the last good one") and composers of trance muzick, like Terry Riley


WHUMP! WHUMP! WHUMP!
LATER
THAT SORDID FANTASY OF YOURS WAS MARKED 'UP PRETTY BAD!
BUT YOUR HONOUR!!! IT WAS POLICE BRUTALITY.
SIX MONTHS OF HARD REALITY!
POLICE BRUTALITY HMPH! THEY DON'T COME ANY LOWER THAN AN S+M FANTASY FREAK!

and Philip Glass, to the list. "Philip Glass's music reminds me of the sound of snow—crystalline, symmetrical patterns, like nature."

With this wide spectrum of source material to draw from, Andy combines a willingness to experiment—almost a pressing need, it seems—with a desire to stay spontaneous. This comes up time and again in his conversation. As an example, listen to what he has to say about recording: "When I go in and do a guitar piece I just say, 'I'm going to do this and that'll be it.' What I do that one time will be the character of the song."

"Don't you believe in refining things?" I ask him.

"It's a bit like chucking a can of paint up on the wall. The first time you do it, it'll be great, but if you try to *paint* that shape, it'll come out stale and lacking any real vitality. Some of the songs on *Drums and Wires* we rehearsed only once before recording them, whereas the stuff on *White Music* was stuff we had been playing for years. We had done them so many times we could play them in our sleep. That's no good, the songs are dead by that time."

How are his songs composed and recorded? "I work from an atmosphere. First, I get a title, which acts as a sort of crystallization of the feeling I want in the song. From there I write the lyrics, still with an eye toward maintaining the mood. When we go into the studio I'll describe the song, maybe by strumming the chords (though sometimes I don't *know* the chords to a song, they just aren't written that way) and telling them the atmosphere that I want. Like, 'I want an aggressive, but happy, feeling,' or 'I want the drums assertive, but danceable, but not directly on the beat, not obvious, a sort of happy syncopation.'"

To illustrate this further, Andy describes how "Life Is Good in a Greenhouse" (from *Go 2*) was written: "I was living in a house with a green room at the time. It had a few plants in it, and being there always made me feel good. It was like I had escaped from things. I didn't have a phone, the doorbell was broken, nobody could disturb me. So I had this sort of fantasy about being solitary. The chap in the song is being pressured by a woman to come out and enjoy things more, but the chap says, 'No, I like being locked in here alone, to do what I want to do by myself.' When we got to the studio, I described this feeling to the band, this solitary fantasy, and said, 'Play this so it sounds like the rhythm of plants growing.' Now plants don't like rhythm—their natural beat is twelve hours long—so the song moves more on a pulse than a beat."

When describing XTC's sound, Andy's words emphasize the primitive. "We like to go for a small, powerful, compact, hot-rodded-down, stripped-for-action sound."

"But," I protest whimingly, "your sound is anything but simple. The Ramones are simple. XTC is complex." You betcha. They don't call me a rok critic for nothing.

He gets a funny look on his face. I can almost see him struggling against the urge to cuff me across the lips. Instead, he resorts to a visual aid to get his point across. He displays the patience of an elementary-school teacher dealing with the intellectually handicapped. "Nobody in the band plays anything complicated or difficult," he begins, picking up a piece of 8½-by-11-inch paper. "I'm a very lazy guitarist." He folds the paper into four equal parts and begins cutting along the folds. "What I'm playing is very simple, very easy." He's now finished cutting and holds four equal-sized rectangles in his hands. "Each of these represents what each member of the band plays. Most bands put their parts together like this. This is the Ramones." He fits the pieces together, edge to edge, so they reconstruct the size he started with.

"Simple," I ejaculate intelligently.

He nods politely, and continues unperturbed. "We, on the other hand, put our pieces together like this." He places the rectangular paper shapes one atop the other, without aligning them at all. "If you trace the edges, it's a complex shape, but it's made up of simple parts. The parts interact with each other. Dave's [Gregory, the other guitarist and Barry Andrews's replacement] part buts up against mine, Colin's doesn't have anything to do with mine, but it compliments Terry's. If I have to think about what I'm playing, I don't enjoy it, so I make it simple. I want to be able to switch off and be lifted by what I play."

It's clear that performing live is an essential aspect of Partridge's and XTC's existence. "You get a sort of mind force from the audience," he says. "They're drawing out of you, saying, 'Entertain me! I want to hear what I've got at home on a piece of plastic. Do it to me.' And you've got to fuck the audience whether you want to or not." But, in return, Andy insists that the audience gives something to him. "I've said to the crowd at some gigs, 'If you don't like us, throw something, or walk out. If you like us, we're a bit old-fashioned and we like applause. I hate apathy. I hate these seated venues with little tables that Americans seem to like so much."

I think what really gives XTC their special edge is the band's irrepressible sense of adventure. Andy confirms that he likes to do things a bit unusually, and some of the ideas he casually lets drop offer further proof. Like releasing an album of seven singles in a box. "That way you don't have to play every song every time, in the same order." Or his original idea for the *Drums and Wires* package of a clear-plastic jacket, four sheets of similar material, and a cardboard inner sleeve. "Each piece would have some sort of image on it, and depending on how you had them arranged, the cover could be any one of a thousand different designs. You could change it every day to give yourself a new album cover when you tire of the old one. I like the idea of personalized sleeves—like selling a blank one with a box of crayons." Andy let his playful sense of idea gaming go completely off-the-wall on his recently released "solo" album, *Take Away/The Lure of Salvage* (UK Virgin only, under the name "Mr. Partridge"). The album consists entirely of Dub versions of songs from *Drums and Wires*, similar to the earlier *Go+* EP released with the British version of *Go 2*. Partridge has completely mutilated the songs with studio tape manipulation, added new tracks, and created totally new pieces little resembling their ancestors. It's an amazing piece of work, studded with moments of arcane beauty and twisted brilliance. Partridge is typically swelled-headed about it. "It was just a bit of a lark," he says.

So, boys and girls, if there is any conclusion to be drawn from today's lesson, it is: Pop muzick is not pop muzick (i.e. boring) when it is approached with spontaneity, a sense of adventure, and lots of Danny Kaye records. Jesus . . . did I get that right?

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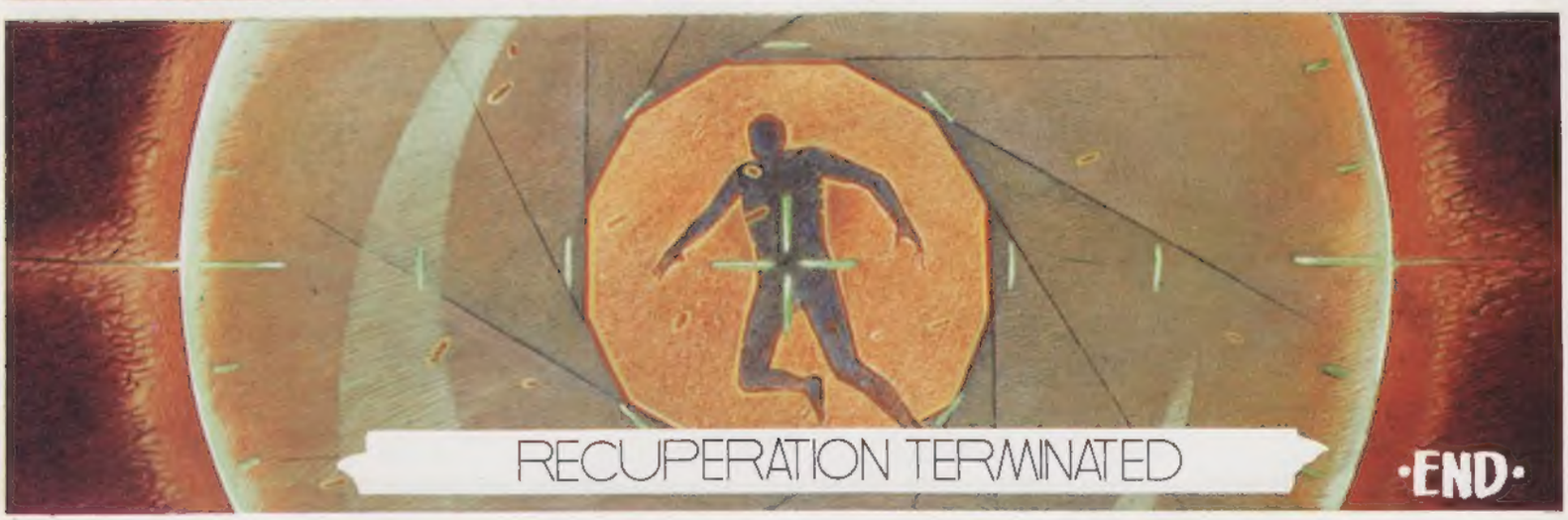
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